

10662

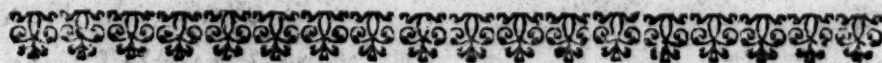


A

LETTER

TO A

YOUNG NOBLEMAN.



5 0059

6
123
A
L E T T E R

TO A

YOUNG NOBLEMAN

SETTING OUT ON HIS TRAVELS.

ITER ELYSIUM NOBIS. Virg.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. OWEN, at No. 11, in Fleet-Street.

M. DCC. LXXVI.



ERRATUM.

In Page 18, line 24, the Reader is desired to correct it thus: "Citizen, without being a good Christian."

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE reasons, that induced the Editor to communicate the following Letter to the Publick, were the Intention with which it appears to have been written, and the Reflection, that nothing of the kind, that he knows of, has as yet been offered to the World. If the Curiosity of the Reader should prompt him to enquire who the Writer was, and to whom it was addressed; the Answer is, that this Intelligence is reserved for some future Edition.

When the Editor says this, he begs in Candour not to be supposed to mean,

mean, that this little Piece is ever likely to reach even a second Edition: his meaning is this, that if it does not; so far from his having done any harm to the memory of the Writer, or his Correspondent, by concealing their Names, that they are most likely the more obliged to him for so doing. Most of the few explanatory Notes he found in the Manuscript from which this was printed.

At this Season of Anniversary Congratulation, when every Body wishes for his Friends, and thereby most effectually consults his own Interest, the Editor concludes with a Wish, that those of his Readers, who are in a Situation similar to the Person
addressed

addressed in this Letter, may, if only in the least Degree, be led by it to a train of Thought that will make the present, and every future Year of their Lives, wiser and happier than the past: and that others may meet with Entertainment in reading it --- a second Time; which will be the most satisfactory Proof he can desire of its being worth reading at all.

Jan. 1. 1776.

addressed in this letter, may it only
in the last degree be held to be a
proof of. Though the well made
the patient, and even future years of
their lives will be happier than
the past, and the whole may more
with the patient in mind is
a second letter, which will be the
most interesting to the patient
or the family, and the whole may more

I have been thinking of you
very much lately, and wondering
how you are getting on. I hope
you are well and happy. I have
been very busy lately, but I
will try to write to you more
often. I have been thinking of
you very much lately, and wondering
how you are getting on. I hope
you are well and happy. I have
been very busy lately, but I
will try to write to you more
often. I have been thinking of
you very much lately, and wondering
how you are getting on. I hope
you are well and happy. I have
been very busy lately, but I
will try to write to you more
often.

I have been thinking of you
very much lately, and wondering
how you are getting on. I hope
you are well and happy. I have
been very busy lately, but I
will try to write to you more
often. I have been thinking of
you very much lately, and wondering
how you are getting on. I hope
you are well and happy. I have
been very busy lately, but I
will try to write to you more
often.

I have no notion of your lordship's

and I am not at all disposed to

be of your party in the voyage

you have in view. But I cannot

help owning that an old man

is best by his own fire-side,

where he is most comfortable

to himself, and least trouble-

some to others. My future

excursions will in proportion

be not so long as the scale

of your lordship's map. In

fancy and idea, however, I

shall eagerly pursue your

range: and, altho' I cannot

now think of doing it in

reality,

LETTER TO A

YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

My LORD,

I Am charmed with your last instance of civility and friendship in inviting me to be of your party in the voyage you have in view. But I cannot help owning that an old man is best by his own fire-side, where he is most comfortable to himself, and least troublesome to others. My future excursions will in proportion be not so long as the scale of your lordship's map. In fancy and idea, however, I shall eagerly pursue your range: and, altho' I cannot now think of doing it in

B

reality,

reality, I must add with great sincerity, that I know no person of your lordship's age I would so readily engage to associate with, as a constant companion during the term of your absence, as yourself. To support my opinion by particulars, would however look so like flattery, which you would as much detest in its most polished shape, as I should be awkward in dressing it up, that I think we shall both readily wave entering further into that subject by way of explanation.

You have often heard me say enough of the utility of foreign travel, especially to persons of rank, not to want my suffrage to second your lordship's present design. When in our last conversation I quoted your favourite *Ariosto* *, rather on the other side of the question, though not privy to your immediate design, I am sure you understood me with the necessary restrictions as to the time of

* The passage in *Ariosto* alluded to is in Canto 39. St. 63.

Disse tra più ragion, che dovea farlo,
Che dolce cosa era la Patria ; e quando
Si disponesse di voler gustarlo
Avria poi sempre in odio andare errando.

of life and condition. I quoted it, as the subject led me, against those, who in the younger part of life had long ago had their share of foreign travel: and whose tenants, whose family and friends, whose station and country, all had a claim on the remainder of their days for relief, example, good offices, and assistance. That my application however of your lordship's favourite Italian Poet may not mislead you in scrutinizing my sentiments, I will assure you, I wish every gentleman of education and fortune to allow some part of his time to travel. I believe I have all antiquity and great examples in all countries, especially in our own, to countenance my postulatium.

Let those, who have not improvement so much in view as their principal object, at least see something out of their own country, if it was only to enjoy themselves more in it hereafter. That strong and amiable instinct the love of our country, which can be no other than partiality without the comparison, will probably be the result of judgment after it: and they, like the prince in the delightful

Abissinian tale, will be glad to return again to the *happy valley*; though, like him, till they have contrasted their own enjoyment with the wants of others, they may not know its real value. At least having had a competent share of rambling, it is to be hoped they will know at the proper season how to stay at home.

But to one, like your lordship, destined by birth for the noble office of legislator, travel becomes a duty rather than an amusement: although it will happen in this case, as I believe it does in most others, that pleasure and duty will go hand in hand. And I trust your lordship will travel as *Lycurgus* and *Solon* did before you, or, to bring the examples nearer home, as the worthy peer in my neighbourhood, and the still greater in your own, have done; not to furnish a museum, but to form the mind: to collect wisdom and policy: to enable you afterwards most effectually to serve your country, and if possible to improve it by the experience of others.

Although,

Although, my lord, I am not able to attend you personally, in once more reviewing some of those delightful scenes which you have heard me describe with rapture, or to introduce you to some of those agreeable families I once frequented in Florence or Naples, where I am perhaps not yet totally forgotten, I will still however accompany you in some respects. In the first place, always with my most sincere and warmest wishes for your happiness: and at the same time, by communicating to you some reflections that arise from considering your situation. If they do not answer the end proposed, in being of much use to you; they may yet have this advantage, in putting you to think for yourself. This small service I owe to the memory of the Earl your father. Had his lordship lived to see you ripen for this period of action, I am persuaded you would have had instructions much better calculated for the purpose. I am however so thoroughly conscious that they are dictated by friendship, and are meant as the strongest testimony of the real esteem from which they flow, that I am very little anxious for their fate considered on their own

own merit : and rest my appeal rather to your heart than to your judgement. In the article of giving advice merely, I should not have so much to shelter myself under, if I had not passed the same seas ; and therefore offer myself as an experienced pilot to one who is a stranger to the voyage.

I see already, your regard for me has animated your attention : and with all the agreeable fire of youth, you are eager to know on what subject I propose to exercise it. The choice of the subject, my lord, I am satisfied will vindicate me from the least design of abusing your attention. I scruple not to assert, before I enter upon the subject, that it is the most important in human life.

It is not to point out rules * for travelling to the best purpose with respect to the acquisition

* This defect is now abundantly supplied by some of Lord *Chesterfield's* letters, which, notwithstanding so many exceptionable passages in the collection, contain some very fine remarks of great importance on this head. And though the " utility of foreign travel " is in this letter all along taken for granted, it hath been the subject of a very ingenious

fition of such knowledge as it affords in general; much less is it, the improvement you are to derive from it, in regard to your own rank and station: nor yet is it, to suggest the necessity, in a traveller, of prudence, temper and discretion in our conduct as it regards others; or of temperance, sobriety, and other virtues more particularly useful to ourselves.

If you was even to wish for my comment on that great standing text of a traveller from the age of *Ulysses* down to your own, the

Mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes,

I should content myself, at your setting out, with referring you to the hints given by the great Lord *Bacon* in his *Essay* on the subject; with the still fewer lines in *Shakespeare's* *Hamlet*: or (to make the medicine more portable by wrapping it up in a small pill) even the single maxim* of Sir *Henry Wootton* will

ingenious discussion by a great person now living; who has the art of adding dignity to his amusements, and whose literary abilities will always give an elegance to less weighty compositions.

* The maxim alluded to is, "*I pensieri stretti il viso sciolto* ;

will abundantly serve your purpose ; as your very extensive education, with the comment of experience, will in your course gradually unfold most of those truths useful in this respect to know, but more difficult to apply, which is the great end of knowledge in all cases whatever.

And I have the greatest reason to believe, that your own disposition is so much inclined to what is eminently valuable in itself, that it is with that very confidence I undertake to advance beyond the elements of a traveller's knowledge, in imparting the reflections that have occurred to me on the present occasion. The design of which are " to point out the true source from which the leading principles of our actions ought to flow ; and to clear the source itself from those mixtures, which in your present course have been often known to fully and corrupt its purity."

When

sciolto ;" that is, " Your thoughts close, your countenance open." Sir H. Wooton mentions it in a letter to Milton, and elsewhere, with this extraordinary character, " that it is sufficient to carry one safe through the world." Wooton's Remains, pag. 344, and p. 356.

When I speak of the principles of action, I know not how to explain myself to your lordship more emphatically, or in fewer words, than by saying, that the life of a christian must be governed by the rules of his religion ; and his obedience flow altogether from christian principles. The distinction between this principle and that of mere morality, which it includes, you will find to be by no means trivial and unimportant, upon giving it ever so slight a consideration.

As human laws themselves decide the morality of actions altogether from the motive of acting, the different circumstances with which actions are accompanied, being used only as constructive evidence of the motive or intention ; so you will have no doubt upon reflecting, that, where the circumstances of an action are given, so as to define the moral quality of it, although the action itself may not fall under human cognisance, there is as much difference to a conscience rightly informed between a religious and a mere moral motive in the same action, as there is in common cases between good and bad : that

C

is

is to say, an action which is good in a mere moral light, becomes indifferent in a religious view for want of a religious motive. As on the other hand, sincere endeavours to act from religious motives will, we are assured, in many cases have the same effect with respect to religious consequences as actions would themselves. The difference between moral and religious principles I take to be of such consequence in setting out, that I am sure you will permit me to be still more explicit.

It is nothing more than this, that distinguishes not only the philosopher, but man in general, considered as a reasonable being, from a christian. For natural religion is inseparable from natural reason : the more or less only makes the difference between the philosopher and the peasant ; or between the most civilised and most barbarous nations. Since all nations, we have ever read of, have agreed on some important truths, however their corruption or ignorance has shaded them with fable or obscured them with superstition. But the notions of the being and providence of God, the distinction between good and evil,

evil, some general idea of relative duties, the immortality of the soul, a future state of retribution, and the force of conscience; although in some degree they are universal, and are the great out-lines of natural religion; they have yet been so mixed with error, and even when least corrupted have been found, antecedent to the gospel, so defective in their sanctions, as to be no sure and infallible guide to human reason; no match for the passions in direct opposition to it.

Nor, for my own part do I think, the various sources of moral obligation, which have been pointed out in modern times, each the favourite hypothesis of some moralists, are any of them adequate causes of true moral conduct. The native beauty of virtue, the fitness of things, public happiness, right reason, (altho' each of these I am willing to allow does not subsist barely in idea, and each may in its turn be productive of good, yet) not one of them considered singly, or even all of them taken together, are practically speaking sufficient to make a good man: for not any one of these, or all united, can operate alike in

all circumstances ; or strike all men with the same force and evidence. They were proper principles to regulate the conduct of Socrates or Tully, but are not, my dear friend, sufficient for us at this day.

The ancients most certainly, from the light of natural reason highly cultivated, have given very admirable precepts of morality : but their rule of acting, and their principle of acting were the same. How could they be otherwise ? Reason in contemplating a given station pointed out such and such duties as resulting from it : and their obligation to act in a given manner was singly because it was reasonable. Their most general motive likewise was the same as their rule and their principle : that is to say, the approbation of their own conscience comparing their conduct with the rule of reason in their own mind, or with the approbation of the general reason of mankind. It seems evident then, that neither natural reason among the ancients, nor the various refined hypotheses, just mentioned, among the moderns, (which in reality are all reducible at last to reason alone,

alone, and are only so many refractions of that native light diversified in various colours by the medium of language) can afford an adequate rule or principle or motives of action. They are neither simple nor uniform; they appeal to no one common or invariable standard; they are perplexed; may interfere with each other; may in short fail or mislead in as many instances, as they may serve or direct.

In one word, as we glory in calling ourselves christians, our only sure guide and true principle of action is the will of God, as revealed in scripture: not however as derived from a forced construction of any single passage, but from the clear consistent tenour of the whole. We must always remember at the same time, that in matters of pure revelation, reason can go no farther than revelation itself does: for how can a fountain rise above its spring? and therefore as for those sublime mysteries in the christian dispensation which are revealed only in part, they do, as mysteries, address themselves to our faith, not to our understandings. And what reasonable
man

man can take offence at them on the ground of their being inexplicable, when by analogy of his own nature, and by barely looking into himself, he cannot but conceive many things to be *above* reason without being *contrary* to it; such as the union of the soul and body, the nature of sleep, and the like? But the practical precepts of the gospel stand clear of every difficulty. They address themselves to our purest reason, at the same time they refine and improve it: they are enforced by the only adequate sanctions, the rewards and punishments of another life now clearly revealed; and influencing, if any thing can influence, our hearts from the highest motive, the love of God; evidenced to us by his word, and operating reciprocally as a duty on our part, from every dispensation of his providence and the assistance of his grace.

This, my lord, I trust you will agree with me to be the true principle to regulate the life of a christian. There are many, who are content to pass under the general name, and without any speculative opposition to the doctrines of the gospel, are yet too regardless
in

in practise of the principle on which they ought to act. Those on the contrary who chuse to profess themselves philosophers rather than christians; who, as it has been often remarked, under the usurped title of thinking freely only shelter a narrow way of thinking, are satisfied with reason in preference to religion; would do well to consider at least, that the greatest masters of human reason in our days (and who have fairly had their option) have been of a very different opinion. And thus the great names of lord *Bacon*, Mr. *Locke* and Sir *Isaac Newton*, who so eminently interested themselves in scripture enquiries, are at least an argument *ad verecundiam*, though they add nothing to the weight and evidence of the gospel. When I particularise *Bacon*, *Locke* and *Newton*, I speak as a layman to the prejudices of wretched sciolists in philosophy: though your lordship and I, from obligation and gratitude, will at least include our greatest divines in the argument; as being, collectively taken, most certainly not inferior in capacity, or the improvement of their capacity, to those ornaments

man can take offence at them on the ground of their being inexplicable, when by analogy of his own nature, and by barely looking into himself, he cannot but conceive many things to be *above* reason without being *contrary* to it; such as the union of the soul and body, the nature of sleep, and the like? But the practical precepts of the gospel stand clear of every difficulty. They address themselves to our purest reason, at the same time they refine and improve it: they are enforced by the only adequate sanctions, the rewards and punishments of another life now clearly revealed; and influencing, if any thing can influence, our hearts from the highest motive, the love of God; evidenced to us by his word, and operating reciprocally as a duty on our part, from every dispensation of his providence and the assistance of his grace.

This, my lord, I trust you will agree with me to be the true principle to regulate the life of a christian. There are many, who are content to pass under the general name, and without any speculative opposition to the doctrines of the gospel, are yet too regardless
in

in practise of the principle on which they ought to act. Those on the contrary who chuse to profess themselves philosophers rather than christians; who, as it has been often remarked, under the usurped title of thinking freely only shelter a narrow way of thinking, are satisfied with reason in preference to religion; would do well to consider at least, that the greatest masters of human reason in our days (and who have fairly had their option) have been of a very different opinion. And thus the great names of lord *Bacon*, Mr. *Locke* and Sir *Isaac Newton*, who so eminently interested themselves in scripture enquiries, are at least an argument *ad verecundiam*, though they add nothing to the weight and evidence of the gospel. When I particularise *Bacon*, *Locke* and *Newton*, I speak as a layman to the prejudices of wretched sciolists in philosophy: though your lordship and I, from obligation and gratitude, will at least include our greatest divines in the argument; as being, collectively taken, most certainly not inferior in capacity, or the improvement of their capacity, to those ornaments

ments of human nature; and most conversant with the subject.

But in fact, whenever morality in a christian country is set up as distinct from christianity, it may be generally ascribed, not to principle, but to that kind of inattention which some persons, not wanting in other respects, are apt to confine to particular subjects. It may be the wish, it never can be the persuasion of the libertine, that there was no religion. The man of business may overlook it. Where this distinction however does rest on principle, (if it ever did) it may always be traced from a surprising mixture of pride, insincerity and ingratitude.

Philosophy or reason improved, according to the fine idea of *Lucretius* *, looks down from a hill on those tempests upon the great ocean of life, and that perpetual conflict of passions to which the bulk of mankind are exposed, and from which the philosopher is exempt: but that hill is itself but a plain in
point

* *Suave mari magno, &c.*

point of elevation, compared to the vantage ground of religion. We may most emphatically say, “ blessed are the ears which hear the things which we hear,” since some of the greatest sages of antiquity found their brightest views often clouded over with darkness and obscurity. If one of them may answer for the rest, let him, who had even an oracle to vouch for his wisdom, stand forth and answer on the occasion. *Socrates* saw and lamented the imperfections of reason in the greatest concerns of life ; and is delivered down to us by one of his scholars *, as wishing and almost prophesying a further assistance. *Erasmus* might, according to the Roman Catholic notions, justly call upon him as a saint : had he lived in the christian æra, I am persuaded he would not have thought himself above being a good christian.

The true principle, my lord, so largely considered already, will likewise set us right in another point, which in practice is very apt to be mistaken, and which must be of the most fatal consequence ; that of suppo-

D

sing

* See the second *Alcibiades*, sect. 13, &c.

sing “ that we act up to our duty, when we do not transgress the laws of the community.” There is a very great connection, it is true, between Religion and Government, or laws made for its security : but Government, although it is in many respects, as from interest it ought to be, a firm ally, does in as many respects stand neuter as to Religion. Indeed whoever would maintain, because the law has enjoined some actions, or prohibited certain others, that therefore Religion has done the same ; or, on the contrary, because the Bible has pointed out such duties, that therefore they are to be found in an act of Parliament, would be equally mistaken. If he would maintain, that the spirit of obedience in the first case was to be derived from Religion ; and that his ^{dis}obedience in the latter, though it exposed him to no penalties, was at least as much a crime, as if it did, he would admit the point I am endeavouring to establish to your lordship ; which is, that a man may, without difficulty, pass for a good christian, although it must be contended, that the principles of Christianity, being rightly understood, the latter never can oppose, but will always include and improve the former.

Those

Those who treat at large of the duties of man, consider him in relations antecedent to society. Those who would treat of him as a Christian, surely will not stop at his connections in society, but will consider, even in this state, the duties he is to practise, that are to fit him for another. Your lordship, therefore, with the least reflection, will see from the difference of duties arising from this difference of state and relations, the force of the above assertion : and it will be still further evident, if I am a little more explicit on that part of the proposition more immediately before us, that asserts the neutrality of Law with respect to Religion.

Would you, for instance, think a man who contributed all his life-time to a poor's rate, by so doing performed any part of christian charity? and yet what other general charity to the poor does any law require? Christian charity too, of which liberality to the poor is only a small though essential ingredient, your lordship knows, as much regards our opinion of others, as our actions. Human laws can take no cognisance at all of a man's opinion, while it is

concealed in his own breast. It can take cognifance only of thofe acts which we do to the prejudice of mankind ; and even of thofe, fuch only as can be proved by eftablifhed rules of evidence in a court of juftice. A man may difqualify himfelf for every good purpofe by drinking, and other fpecies of debauchery that affect his reafon ; may impair his circumftances by deep play ; may even ruin himfelf or his family by idlenefs. Yet though idlenefs, in a large fenfe, is a fource fruitful enough to produce every thing detrimental to the individual or the community, how few even of thofe fpecies affecting the community does the law punifh or refrain ? Gaming, (whether in the common forms of betting, cards, or dice, or in political fpeculations) which is a vice large enough to fink whole families, if not a nation in ruin ; our law, I am told, does not punifh at all : tho' I have underftood (but fpeak with diffidence on fubjects of that profeffion) that beyond a certain amount it will not enable one man to recover what another has loft. And drinking, though it inflames the paffions to madnefs, will ftill be unnoticed by the law, if it does
not

not put its fury into action by open violence. Then indeed civil justice, regarding its consequences, has a retrospective glance to the act itself; and makes this species of voluntary insanity, an aggravation of, not an excuse for, all the mischiefs it occasions.

Should then the question be asked with Horace, *vir bonus est quis?* your lordship sees, as far as man has any pretensions to the title, the answer will not now be simply with him,

Qui consulta Patrum, qui leges juraque servat:

we must go further: and instead of acquiescing in obedience to human law, must trace that obedience up to the principle from which it flows. And when we are at the source, we must again survey the course of the stream downwards; see, on one part, where it afterwards divides for a time, branches off in the smaller channels of political institutions, and is tinged with the qualities of the various soils thro' which it passes: and, on the other, where it once more unites and pursues its main course directly to the ocean, that is not confined to particular countries, but is common to all.

Such

Such is the narrow course of municipal justice connected with the great fundamental principles of Religion.

The sufficiency I have with so little scruple denied to the laws of any country, I shall, you will imagine, with still less, deny to the polite principle of honour: which, when it is set up only as a supplement to law, and not as a substitute for it, no man can reverence more than I do. But when, instead of being called in aid of religion and justice, it tends to overturn both; I hope I should be thought to mispend your lordship's time, was I to stop to prove, that instead of being a proper principle of action, it is contrary to every idea of duty, or principle of morality.

If then, my lord, as I have attempted to explain, at full length, the true certain principle of our actions, and that uniform tenour of conduct, that constitutes a life of virtue, must flow from religion alone as its genuine source; the next thing to be considered, (as I hinted in the out-set) is the guarding the
purity

purity of the source itself from those mixtures, which, without attention, are sure to corrupt it, and may in their consequences dry it up, or stop its course.

In the first place, a caution, necessary to be insinuated to superficial half-educated travellers, may be passed over as an article of advice to your lordship : I mean the probability of conversing, while abroad, with those who are dangerous even for their abilities : because one great use, which they have made of their superior wit and reason, has been in a manner to point heaven's artillery against itself ; by employing the last to confound common sense, and the former to ridicule what they are not able to confute. But these comets in the moral world, like those in the natural, dangerous because they are as rapid as they are excentric, are rarely seen. Of the two still seen on the continent, one indeed is now in his course so far *from the sun*, as to threaten much less future danger to our planet : the other, though excentric enough in his orbit, has always had much less blaze and rapidity. Your lordship is astronomer enough
already

already to have observed the motions of both, so as not to be disturbed by the blaze of either; which, as of all other comets, true philosophy pronounces to be chiefly smoke. Happy, indeed, had their influence been confined to a smaller sphere.

But the pursuit of my subject leads me to more general consequences. And it is here, my lord, that I do most particularly apply to a traveller: entreating you as such to be very attentive to a possible consequence of residing for some time in foreign countries; where the profession of the established Religion varies so much from that of the gospel, as in some cases nearly to overturn it.

A Roman Catholic and a Protestant alike profess to be Christians: and though the excellent spirit of the gospel teaches us to consider all men as our brethren; Christians of every denomination are undoubtedly more particularly our brethren than Jews, Mahometans, or Pagans. But at the same time it is not the ceremony more than the doctrine that constitutes the essential difference between the
church

church of *Rome* and our own. It is the engrafting human conceits on the word of God, and explaining away the doctrines of the gospel, that we complain of in our brethren of the Romish persuasion. The Christian religion, in whatever climate, or under whatever form of government it is professed, knows no other standard than that of *Christ* and his Apostles; at least we have the word of an apostle for it*. The adulteration of this standard by the church of *Rome*, and the endeavour to restore it to its purity, was the ground of perfecting, if it was not the immediate cause of introducing, the Reformation. Wise and good men, as well in *Germany* as in our own country, seized an opportunity of improving to advantage those measures, that most probably took their rise from the resentment or caprice of others. And Providence soon blessed the cause they embarked in with so much sincerity; many at the expence of their lives! The storm at length blew over; and the Reformation was

E esta-

* “ Although I or an angel from heaven teach any other doctrine, &c.” Gal. i. 8, &c. But more particularly add St. *John*’s Gospel, chap. 10. ch. 14. ch. 15.

established on this solid adamantine principle of the “word of God being the only rule of faith.”

Now give me leave to remind your lordship only in a few capital instances, how widely the notions of the church of *Rome* differ from our own. In the first place, the standard itself, to which we must always apply, in order to distinguish the adulterated notions from the true, is kept out of sight. The scriptures, you have heard, and will find, are read in their churches, even to mechanics, women, and children, in Latin. Then the Pope, the head of the church, a successor of an apostle, at most, contends for an infallibility that every apostle himself, when speaking as a man, has disclaim'd: and the traditions of the church have risen on the ruins of the sacred text. I own, indeed, the politics of the age have in some sense improved their religion; and the Pope, though he continues infallible in theory, in effect is insignificant out of the Ecclesiastical State. *Montesquieu* long ago, with some humour, asked a correspondent at *Rome*, “*N'avez vous point de honte*

bonte de nous montrer cette vieille chaire de saint Pierre, avec le dos rompu et pleine de Vermouloure?" — I have been told of late, that they begin to see the absurdity of praying like parrots, and joining in a worship of which they do not understand a word. To remedy this, it seems, the mass-books have the Latin service on one side explained in their own language on the other. But does this expedient enable them to understand the words in the course of the service, as they come out of the priest's mouth? As to the scriptures themselves, they are not permitted to have them in their houses. Add too, the weight they lay on the confession to a priest, or a monk, (the folly and corruption of which has laid them open to their own poets *) the putting mere human forms of devotion on a level with the principal institutions of *Christ* himself; the reckoning seven sacraments instead of the two only commanded by the gospel; and then again retrenching one half of the sacrament of the Lord's supper, with the most corrupt gloss (as to the real presence) in the other. I pass over the romantic and lucra-

E 2

tive

* See BOILEAU's 10th Sat. v. 545, to v. 624.

tive doctrine of purgatory, injunctions of celibacy, monastic vows, relics, vital lamps, and all those processions that characterise, in the language of *Milton*, “ *that gay religion, full of pomp and gold.*” What do they amount to? at best the very essence of superstition, though often coming much nearer to idolatry.

Now, what, my lord, is the probable consequence of all this to strangers, residing long and conversing intimately among them? not, sure, an imitation: and I should hope rather pity, than contempt. I am verily persuaded, while you are hearing their masses of the finest Italian music, or dwelling upon the admirable paintings of *Raphael* or *Guido*, that you are in no danger of being charmed with their devotion; or by surprise becoming a Catholic, when you meant only to be a Connoisseur. An Englishman is in no danger of copying them, in what so many of themselves seem to despise. But is there not some danger in deriding these forms, and afterwards, from a long disuse, of coming to think lightly of all

all others? This I do not put as a personal question.

—— Tardè, quæ credita lædunt,
Credimus.

It has, however, been the fruit of many a tour. Not only have we seen in many a raw traveller a completion of the prophecy in *Pope's Dunciad*,

All classic learning lost on classic ground,

but even Religion in its turn has amply suffered in a progress from one end of Christendom to the other. And there are with us, I fear, travellers of your own rank, who, since their return, have rarely seen the inside of a church but to qualify them for a place.

This reasoning, you will judge, is not altogether confined to residence in Roman catholic countries. It does, though not in the same degree, in some measure apply to the education of an Englishman at *Geneva*, in *Holland*, or any other Protestant countries. For there too the worship of our church being unknown, and
their

their worship, I believe, being rarely frequented by our countrymen, the danger from disuse, in the few instances that happen, is in some respects the same; would be still more so, if the time of life was the same; though the danger in frequenting their worship, I admit, would not be the same, as it would be in frequenting that of Catholic countries.

How far, indeed, republican ideas of Government naturally issuing from those mints, and collected therein the course of education, may afterwards be imported into this country, so contrary to its native currency, is a question of much consequence in itself; but not necessary to go into at present. Your lordship, I am certain, will always protest against such principles; and at the same time you are an advocate for the civil, and religious liberty of this Country, you will strenuously defend its constitution both in Church and State. Both which, tho' like some finished pictures, they will bear the nearest examination, yet will not take you less when seen at a greater distance, with the advantage of a side-light from the different forms of different countries, which will greatly heighten the bold master-strokes of this.

The

The force of the argument I have urged from the difuse of Religion, lies in a very narrow compafs. Consider only the force of habit in every thing good or bad: and that public worship, with which religion has been always thought to have fo much connection, is in part founded on this very fupposition of the force of habit. What are all our attainments from thofe of the moft fimple motions of the body, to the moft perfect energies of the mind, but the effects of unremitted exercife? The fame acts, which being repeated, teach any one to dance, to paint, or to reafon, being difcontinued, reduce him by degrees to his primitive ineptitude. And though from the frame of our minds a reasonable creature may feem to have a natural propenfity to virtue, yet if reafon is not kept in act, the paffions in opposition will foon steal upon it, and at length make it furrender at difcretion. So that in virtue, as in fcience, we may fairly conclude,

Strength of mind is exercife, not reft.

This force of habit, my lord, muft unavoidably hold, if not in a greater degree, when applied to devotion. And admitting
at

at present the necessity of devotion upon whatever reasons it is founded (which will meet us in our farther reflections) after some years disuse, the impressions once formed, it is apprehended, will be too faint to revive effectually, unless some means are used for renewing them in our minds, during the time we are obliged to discontinue the practice.

Do you ask me, what are "those means?" My thoughts on this subject I shall lay before you without reserve: your own reflection will supply them.

Among the first of those means I rank self-recollection and prayer. They have a very great connection: and the importance of both you know, have been seen by a few of the wisest amongst the ancient philosophers, besides their being uniformly inculcated in the sacred writings. And a Christian must blush not to follow scripture in points, that reason antecedent to the gospel taught *Plato* and *Pythagoras*. The first, your lordship remembers, even in the corrupt divinity of his times, addressed a Governing Providence as
the

the author of all good : the latter forbid his disciples even to close their eyes at night without a strict review of the actions of the day.

The necessity of frequent recollection arises from the difficulty of doing it effectually when not frequent. If a man casts up all at once a long account, consisting of several pages, he will certainly find it more difficult, than if he had cast up the articles of every page as they incurred : because the labour of computing the several amounts of each page into one sum, bears no comparison with the labour of computing the entire gross sum from all the separate articles. Besides, the parallel fails between the review of the mind and that of an account. The articles of the latter remain ; the other, in general, are as transient as the event that gave them birth. The self-recollection, however, that I recommend to your lordship, or to any one, is most certainly not that which arises from solitude or seclusion from the world. We may abstract ourselves for a few moments from the business and the pleasures of it, while we are in

F

the

the midst of it: constantly stating our accounts between this and the next, as a merchant would between debtor and creditor, in order at least to see that the balance all along lies on the right side; and as much as possible to increase that balance. And this would be the consequence, if you went no further than *Pythagoras* himself would have you.

This recollection, I should imagine, where the mind is rightly disposed, will lead to prayer. A Christian, you will allow, prays on higher authority, and greater encouragement, than a Heathen. A Christian, by prayer, acknowledges his dependance on God; implores his pardon for what he has done amiss, and his grace to prevent it for the future; asks the continuance of his mercy, and thanks him for those already granted. In doing of which, he uses the comprehensive form, given us by *Christ* himself, suited to all circumstances and conditions: and adds, with humility, what is peculiarly requisite to his own.

Temporal blessings are doubtless to a certain degree an object of our prayers: that is,
we

we may reasonably ask such things of God, as is consistent with the purity of his nature to grant. But with regard to temporal blessings, (what we call such being of a very equivocal nature) our prayers, on the one hand, are not to exclude our own endeavours to attain them; and, on the other, are to be accompanied with the most perfect submission to the will of God, whether we attain them or not: for who but God can say, whether, upon the whole, what we may look upon as means of happiness, are really so or not? But how very imperfect must those prayers be, that have no reference, or not a more immediate reference, to the next life? that do not most earnestly make our enjoyments and our conduct here only means to happiness hereafter?

This degree of devotion is so particularly in a man's own power, that every one may exercise himself in it in private; either in his closet, or even within his heart, without any restraint from the different persuasions or forms of worship in the country, where he happens to reside. And without a just sense

of it in private, any communion or public worship is little better than mere show and ceremony.

But a due sense of the necessity of prayer in general will soon conduct a Christian, well informed, to that of public worship. First, the promises of our Saviour himself to his church, or an assembly met in his name, for the purpose of joint prayer and thanksgiving, and mutual participation of the Sacrament. In the next place, the duty resulting from the general spirit of our religion to join, in the highest instances of love to each other, in prayer for our eternal happiness, and for those blessings peculiar to this life, and which are of a common nature; such as the continuance of the Christian church, and prosperity to our country. I may add another great inducement to public worship, in its being a distant anticipation of one material part of our employment and happiness in heaven; where we hope to join in praising God, and contemplating the perfections of the divine nature, and the wisdom of his providence. There is one circumstance too, in which both

agree;

agree ; which we shall do well to lay to heart as the most effectual lesson of humility, I mean that perfect equality, which subsists between the rich and the poor before God in his church, as it will hereafter in heaven : and then, however necessary the difference between them may be in this world, we shall be apt to view it in a more serious and profitable light, with respect to ourselves as well as to them.

To these greater consequences of public worship, which are by no means peculiar to the English Protestant Church, I must mention one advantage, that, I believe, is eminently to be found in it ; and that is the instruction, in Christian knowledge, that every attentive person may derive from our temperate forms of composition used in preaching. You will very soon see the amazing difference between an English sermon and the enthusiastic harrangue of a Monk. And though the French are not without some admirable discourses, that have been published of the sermon kind, yet will it be no partiality to say, as between Catholic and Protestant, that
our

our press will strongly support the preference that has been given to our pulpit. As far, as my opinion goes, I scruple not to say, that many English sermons, considered as compositions, are some of the most finished in any language. These reasons, put together, it is to be hoped, will have their weight, and may serve, in part, to keep alive the regard due to the established worship of our church.

I assure your lordship, when about your age, I was for some time tied up from public communion by residence in foreign countries, I found this circumstance a considerable damp to the pleasure of travelling : and may now lay my hand on my heart, and declare, I eagerly renewed it on my return, and have ever since kept it up. I impute this to causes, which are in common between us both ; and therefore, I trust, will operate alike on your lordship. I mean, next to the blessing of God, an excellent example of parents, and an education at the same great school and university, from which your lordship has launched out thus far into the world. And if it was not for the unavoidable discontinuance alluded to at the
most

most dangerous and dissipated season of life, I should be puzzled beyond measure to account for habits of piety, formed in a long course of public education, at school and in college, being ever afterwards effaced, as we see they are in some men of the first reputation for polite accomplishments. But the truth is, (and a melancholy truth it is to those who feel for the welfare of others) what a few learn from disuse, they propagate by example; both often, I do believe, without design, but both surely with great danger to themselves, and all within their sphere of attraction. It is astonishing to think of this magic power of example in human life. There would scarcely be half the folly, vice, or extravagance at any time in the world, if people would, in forming the general out-line of their conduct, have the courage to use their own understandings; and not slavishly copy, where circumstances reason and common sense all mean they should, to a certain degree, be originals. But as they will be borne away by example, it is of the utmost consequence to all of your lordship's rank, to be very cautious what example you give, both in regard to what you do, and what you omit.

In

In the case before us, this very force of example, as I insinuated, has infected those, who have not the merit of having been themselves so far to acquire a habit of indifference to religion. I have even known some, who for a great part of their life have been so hurried in the vortex of pleasure, and dissipation here at home, that allowing themselves little leisure to think of, much less to practise religion, if by chance a thought of the kind came across them, especially if it came in company with any little disappointment, they have afterwards been induced to connect religion with low spirits : and, as is common with children, looking through a coloured glass, to mistake the colour of the medium for that of the object. Why connect religion with low spirits ? merely because in good spirits they have never thought of it. No uncommon fallacy of mental association ! But if reasonable temperance, and tranquility of mind, are the genuine sources of cheerfulness, considered as a kind of daylight in the mind, in opposition to gloom on the one hand, and the momentary flashes of boisterous mirth on the other ; where can we
look

look for it with more prospect of finding it, than in that quarter, where the foundation for controuling the turbulent passions is laid only, where health itself is laid, in the forbearance of feeding them to excess? Chearfulness is one of those temporal blessings emphatically promised in Scripture to good men. And where in fact, setting aside unavoidable inequalities arising from natural temperament, do we find chearfulness in an eminent degree, but among those who are conscious that their life is dedicated to active virtue upon the solid principles of religion?

This observation will go a great way in rendering the next of the “means,” which I venture to recommend to your lordship for preserving a sense of religion, at the time you are excluded from the offices, and public profession of it, more palatable than it can be at its first proposal, “I mean the frequent consideration of our latter end.” The uncertainty of life, which is a theme every one is master of, and dresses up according to his own imagination, to meet us with less horror, should be made more familiar to the mind. A

G

dangerous

dangerous illness, accidents, or the sudden death of friends, and near relations, will now and then force it on the minds of the most unthinking. But when the spirits are already so disturbed by the occasion that introduces it, the spectre will appear too dreadful at his approach, and be too hastily dismissed to perform the office of that kind monitor, he otherwise would, if admitted at the hour of calm reflection. *Socrates*, according to *Tully*, used to say, “*Philosophia nihil aliud est quam mortis contemplatio.*” Religion does not go quite so far; nor does it require, like the old man in *Shakespeare*, “that every third thought should be our grave.” But our ease, while we are here, and when we leave this world, must depend very much upon the frequency of this reflection. A traveller who from the continual change of scene, and the dangers he is exposed to, can hardly help thinking of death, may do it in those pleasing allusions of reason and scripture, that are more particularly his own. It is his harbour after a long voyage; it carries him to his habitation instead of an inn; to his own country after he has long resided

resided elsewhere. But to every body the Gospel places it in an amiable light. Nor are there wanting the most striking analogies from every part of Nature. The constant vicissitude of winter and summer, the setting and rising of the sun, our repose every night and revival in the morning, and every grain of *seed that is sown in the earth, which, after being hidden for a while, springs up in a flourishing state, all of them in the common course of Providence may serve as emblems and beautiful hints of our Death and Resurrection.

I know few passages of the Ancients that are sufficiently striking upon this great and common subject. *Lucretius*, after so finely exposing the fears of death, when we find he would bottom our courage upon mere annihilation, is equally shocking to natural reason and religion. *Cyrus*, in *Xenophon*, who considers death as a passage to another life, and argues for the immortality of the soul from its activity and independence on the body during sleep, the image of death, deserves to be listened to even by a christian. But *Tully*,

* Compare St. John's Gosp. c. 12. v. 24. with Cor. 1. c. 15. v. 36. &c.

in the person of *Cato*, gives a still higher colouring to the natural notion of immortality, in representing the future intercourse of the good and wise. Which supposition, although it falls infinitely short of the assurance we have under the Gospel, is yet one of those elevations of natural reason, that borders on something like revelation; as you will allow by comparing the passages * in Scripture referred to below. But as our full confidence is grounded on the Gospel alone, from thence let us continually draw those ideas of future happiness; which, though from our present conceptions, they cannot but be faint images of that state itself, are yet fully enough described to animate our strongest hopes: and which cannot fail of representing death in the mildest form, not as the period of our existence, but as the certain passage to a blessed eternity. To which, as every day, or every accident of life, may introduce us, how can we do better than so to think of, as to be under no surprise, on the contrary to welcome it when it comes? Especially if the

* See St. John ch. 14. v. 3. &c. Hebr. ch. 12. v. 22. and St. John 1 Ep. ch. 3. v. 2, &c.

moment we quit this scene, we shall enter into a state of happiness, the dawn at least of that eternity prescribed to virtue? For that the soul all along remains conscious in the intermediate state between death and the Resurrection, seems the general opinion of our greatest Divines; is warranted by many passages of scripture, scarce to be understood in any other sense; and is not, that I know of, contradicted by any. And this consideration is so far alarming in its consequence, that though it can add no argument to immortality, no influence to the joys or terrors of the *Great Day*, yet will it abate our attachment to this world: Nay, even, (perhaps you will think I speak like an old man) make us at times wish with St. Paul "to be dissolved and to be with Christ." But in this respect, it is our duty to unite the virtues of patience and resignation; to wait till the appointed time comes, and in the mean time to accustom ourselves to think of it with calmness and composure.

And much practical advantage to the doctrine of time itself will result from considerations

rations of this nature. It is hardly possible not, in some measure, to "apply our hearts to wisdom," when we are once in earnest "taught to number our days." For I can no more imagine any one not to be in some degree frugal of his time, who upon an accurate review was satisfied he had but little time left, and some necessary business to be done in that little; than I can, that a prudent man, whose income was sensibly reduced, would not have a command over all idle and unnecessary expences. Would he not also, when the glass is nearly run out, be apt to watch every grain of sand?

Let us, however, if only for speculation's sake, apply computation to time, as it is done with respect to money. Out of the twenty-four hours then which make up the day, we may fairly reckon a third part allotted to sleep. And thus, as the years, by which we reckon life, are composed only of days; in the compass of sixty years (as to the application of life) no person can pretend to have lived above forty. How few can justly pretend to have lived a third part of the day?

Some

Some persons, therefore, who resign their breath at sixty years of age, may perhaps be said, as to all useful purposes of living, to have died under age. Hence, if in the numbering of our days, instead of the time itself, you substitute the employment of it, is it not easy to see, that, though two persons die at the same age, one might, with some degree of propriety, be said to have lived longer than the other? or, in another view, what would seem a paradox, that one man may have lived longer than another, who is as old again as himself?

A further pursuit of this speculation, according to the different tempers it met with, might be productive of melancholy or ridicule. To find, for instance, some going out of life at an advanced age, without their best friends being able to recollect a single good action to put up for their monument: these people having miserably reversed the complaint of the Roman emperor,* that whereas he sighed “for the loss only of one day”; they, on the

* Sueton. in vitâ Tit. Flav. Vespasiani, c. 8.

contrary,

contrary, have scarce even one day well employed to speak in their favour. These instances, it is to be hoped, are few indeed; let us leave them, and take a transient view of the brighter side; where we shall find, that as the moments in early life are put out to interest, the honours of age may be purchased even in youth: and in the sense of the world (who often raise them to an elevated sphere, and from whence they shine back again on the world) as as well as of sacred writ, which commends them, “wisdom may be the grey hairs unto men, and “unspotted life old age.” All this strongly enforces progressive virtue. The race, the warfare, and the talent, are scripture allusions, that point out its necessity; as the prize, the crown, and many other images, are emblematical of its reward. It most strongly therefore recommends the nice application of time and talents as necessarily interwoven with each other.

This leads me to a still further consideration; which in the eye of the world is apt to be disregarded, even by those who do in general manage their time to much advantage.

Your

Your Lordship is setting out in the great career of *knowledge*. May you, even in foreign climes, pick up laurels of fame that may be transplanted into your own, and continue to flourish with fresh verdure throughout your life. Do not think I mean in any degree to extinguish that noble thirst of glory, when I add a reflection on this subject, that I myself find will now and then make its way amidst all my books, and all my partiality for them.

It is not barely, that the Gospel was at first introduced and propagated without the least assistance from human learning, as it was in defiance of human opposition. It neither wanted the aid of Philosophy from the schools of *Athens*, nor feared the arms of Imperial *Rome*. These truths I do not enlarge on, because they will meet you in every part of the New Testament: and because the case is with respect to these times so far altered, that Religion in its progress, when miracles have ceased, and Christianity is become a national establishment, is connected with, and will require the aid of human learning; which may serve as its champion, when it is attacked by the same kind of weapons in the hands of pride and

H

infidelity;

infidelity ; or as its best expositor, where the length of time, the customs of different countries, and idioms of different languages, have induced an unavoidable obscurity. It has, upon the whole, in the present state of things, the same general alliance to Christianity, as Reason has to Religion.

Nor is the reflection I am going to make drawn from the common topic of the vanity of human learning, as considered in itself ; but from its evanescence : and it is drawn from the fountain-head. “ *Whether there be
“ tongues they shall cease, whether there be know-
“ ledge it shall vanish away.*” An awful truth !

A great part of human knowledge has evidently a relation principally to this life. Unless, therefore, in the fruit it produces, or the application of it, it is connected with another state, it will at best be the same as if it had never been. The proportion, even here, between ignorance and knowledge, is much nearer than we are willing to imagine. The very distinction, in our present idea between the wise and the ignorant, will scarcely
exist

exist hereafter. The capacity itself will probably be improving to all eternity : and if not equal in all, yet most certainly in all exactly suited to their place and state. These observations by no means tend to discredit the pursuit of human knowledge, but to make it more eminently useful to ourselves and to others ; the genuine test of the improvement of those talents committed to our trust ! The learned professions, the studies necessarily connected with legislation and government, are in those great avenues of knowledge that, in their own nature, terminate in the centre : because they always tend directly, or subordinately, at least, to promote the good of mankind. And he who, in those studies, has that end in view, who acts on true principles, and uses the light he acquires only to pursue his way more steadily, is regularly passing on from earth to heaven. He again who fills up the vacant hours of life with liberal studies, though in their own nature they may be but as by-paths to the center, may yet in the choice, as well as in the degree, of the application, be easily prevented from wandering out of the way.

I have hitherto used the terms of knowledge and learning as synonymous ; but all wise men have distinguished between them : between the ideas we form in our minds by habits of attention and thinking, and the opinions or ideas of other men ; with which latter it is possible to store the memory without improving the understanding. This induces me to say a word on the other member of that great proposition--“ whether “ there be tongues they shall cease.” Happy for us that they shall ! Your lordship knows the variety itself originated in confusion ; and has, in some measure, contributed to keep it up ever since.

The knowledge of tongues, now considered as an ornamental accomplishment, is, without doubt, a great obstruction to our progress in real knowledge, if it is not too often made to pass for it. No modern language (though the French is complimented with the name) is in fact so universal as to supersede the use of other languages, either to travellers or merchants abroad : hence the necessity of acquiring more than one language ; and independent

dent on that necessity, the fashion of learning several as an ornamental part of education at home.

The most universal language ever known was that of ancient *Greece*: which, besides having had so surprising a duration, had likewise, from the natural disdain of the *Greeks* to mix with the Barbarians, (which you will see strongly painted in the Philippicks of *Demosthenes*, and more particularly in *Plato's* Funeral Oration) this happy effect on literature, that it confined their men of learning to their own language. This circumstance, on the one hand, made them more attentive in polishing the language itself, and (as a learned foreigner * has sensibly observed) having only one language to study, they probably read less, and thought more, than learned men have generally

* “ Appresso i Greci una cosa era la lingua volgare, “ e la dotta: e il chiamare che faceano col nome di “ *Barbare* tutti le nazioni che usavano altra favella dalla “ loro, era, non é dubbio, un effetto del loro orgoglio, “ ma era forse anche una delle principali cagioni del loro “ sapere. Invitati a legger poco, potevano considerar “ molto; e quello studio che non erano obbligati a spendere nelle parole, poteano collocarlo nelle cose.” *Algarotti* opere varie, tom. 2. p. 2.

rally allowed themselves to do in after-times. This circumstance too contributed to make them, what they have been ever since, a model for the excellence of their language, and their justness of thinking. The duration of their language was, I said, surprising: for it was a living language, at least from the time preceding *Homer*, (whose language and poem certainly did not come into the world together, though perhaps his Poem and Poetry did) and therefore from 900 years preceding the Christian æra, it continued a living language 'till the taking of *Constantinople* by the *Turks*, about the middle of the fifteenth century; and in consequence of it, the refuge of the poor conquered *Greeks* in *Italy*, and the restoration of learning in *Europe*. If to the excellence of the language itself, it wanted any other recommendation to scholars, it has a great one indeed, as the *Oracle of truth*, in being the language of the New Testament; and as furnishing much light and assistance to the learned in understanding, especially to those not acquainted with the original language of, the Old. I fear I must rely on your Lordship's partiality
to

to ancient *Greece* for having gone so much out of the way in this observation.

But after all, my Lord, as a counterpoise to the vast weight of learning, and the variety of languages through which it is diffused, and which may so easily overwhelm useful knowledge, it is necessary for a sound judgment to select subjects as well as authors; to confine the application to both within the proper limits; and to remember an observation that one of the greatest students in our own country has left us, “that to spend too much time in “ studies is sloth.” It certainly is; if the end is sunk in the means, and the stream of life is suffered to carry us away while we are carelessly surveying its course. This we shall never do, if we are attentive to what passes within us: and (to wind up all I have said in two words) if we allow proper seasons for recollecting our progress; and reflect how soon it may be interrupted by the period of our lives.

You will easily observe the “means,” which I have hitherto insisted on, concur in promoting
the

the same end, and strengthen each other. One yet remains. The glorious prospect of another life alone can dissipate the gloom on quitting this: and the conditions on which it is promised are to be known only from the word of God. The study therefore of the Scriptures, as a rule of life, is necessarily connected with the duties of prayer, self-recollection, and reflections on our latter end. An immortality of happiness is proposed to us, if we walk agreeably to a certain rule laid down: we therefore naturally compare our conduct with the rule; and we pray that we may be enabled to follow it. This certainly implies a desire of being previously well acquainted with the rule itself.

A traveller, as such, is not exempt from this duty, although his situation is singular with respect to his opportunities. It is true, he can neither study his Bible at leisure in his Closet, nor hear it commented on in churches as he can at home. But something he can do. With this view, my lord, I have considered in what manner I might direct you to some method that is useful, and
at

at the same time compendious. For I am well aware, you can neither have time for, nor the means of such enquiries as you may think of in the course of your life after your return. You can neither convey from place to place many excellent writings, which our language furnishes on this subject; nor look into them if you had them. But in lieu of more elaborate researches, I recommend two books which, I think, will supply their place during your absence from your own country. But, here I must pause a moment. — And do most heartily request that, if your time permits, you will consult some of those excellent men, whose peculiar province it is to be well acquainted with this subject; and who, I am sure, will be happy in imparting to you some of that light by which they walk themselves, and which, as it were, throws a glory around them. Make them your Friends as long as you live: and take my word for it, (who, as not being of their body, am, at least, an indifferent witness) you will find no set of men, take them all in all, more deserving of your esteem.

I

With

With the proviso then, that you have not time, for better advice on the subject, I proceed to give you mine. One of the books I recommend to your lordship is what I have here sent * you ; in which you will find the great outlines of doctrine, dispersed throughout the Bible, digested under several heads in the very words of scripture, and thrown together in such a regular order as to deserve the name the pious Prelate, who compiled it, has given it ; exhibiting the elements of a Christian's faith and duty in the shortest compass, and clearest manner : by these means serving the same purpose to religion, as a regular Institute does to Law or Science ; and having this advantage, that the several texts, being brought together, throw a light upon each other, and stand in less need of a comment. This book I leave with a reflection of the great Lord *Bacon's* in one of his Essays, " that any thing " that must be studied, should have a time " set for it : matter of amusements (he " adds) will make their way of themselves." As I would most earnestly recommend the
ac-

* Supposed from the circumstances of description to be the Christian Institutes by Bp. *Gastrel*.

acquisition of a habit as well as of instruction, the frequency of the application is of more consequence than the duration. And altho' in this respect the Painters maxim of "*nulla dies sine lineâ*," is no unprofitable one, I would wish Sunday to be distinguished beyond all others ; for reasons your lordship will not be at a loss to conjecture from the former part of this letter, and from some additional reasons that follow. For with such a habit you will never be inclined in future to think a church the only place to catch cold in ; or instead of going there yourself, and giving an example to your neighbours and family, prevent both by making Sunday your favourite day on which to travel, though you may have but a single day's journey ; for which nice œconomy of your time, your servants, and even the horses in your stable, who are both supposed to have an Antient Charter of exemption from drudgery on that day, are not much obliged to you : or even though you should neglect the first half of the day, as to acts of devotion, yet punctually dedicate the other to that trifling but dangerous Sunday-amusement that prevails so much on the Con-

continent, and from thence has been imported into our own country by a few persons of fashion, and grafted into their Sunday system. For which practise the only shadow of excuse, I can conceive, is that of the Lady in *Boileau* to her Confessor,

Il vaut mieux s'occuper à jouer qu'à médire.

And, indeed, if time or conversation could not be *better* managed by her ladyship, or those who reason like her, I would allow the logic to be good, and as their confessor would freely give them absolution.

A very little habitual attention to Scripture would however give a different turn to the thoughts, and point out other subjects whereon to employ them.

The book already mentioned, will serve to analyse in your mind the scripture theory of religion. But besides that treatise, and in many respects beyond it (if they were put in competition with each others) I desire you will let your Common Prayer-book be your constant companion during any fixed residence abroad.

abroad. For in that, you have such forms of devotion as are plain, temperate, and majestic : and such as may, with a very few exceptions, be applied in the Closet, tho' composed for the Church. In that too you have several admirable extracts of scripture in their natural continued thread of narrative, and not mere disjointed precepts, as in the other book ; extracts chosen with judgement, and in great variety. 1. The great outlines of our Saviour's history to his Ascension. 2. Many of his Discourses to his Disciples as well as to the rest of the world ; particularly some of his Parables. It is impossible enough to admire the Parables, for their happy tendency to explain the most sublime truths of his Religion under the most familiar images ; and at the same time for their power in conquering prejudices by an indirect but forcible application to the particular case of his audience. The little fragment of *Cebes*, the Choice of *Hercules* in *Xenophon*, the Story of *Gyges's* ring, told by *Plato*, but more finely moralised by *Tully*, are deservedly admired by your lordship, as beautiful allegories of the pursuits in human life. But what a variety and strength of design ;
what

what warmth of colouring will strike every one who considers the parables with attention and impartiality? Many of them you know, and will with pleasure see in the course of your travels, have enriched the canvass of the greatest masters in your favourite art. Indeed, for the painters commendation, I cannot help observing, they have employed their Muse in the service of Religion much more than the Poets have, and not less than the Musicians. The former of whom, no doubt, have been in a great measure precluded from religious subjects by a long established Mythology, indispensable in their art, but too extravagant for any popular creed: which difficulty, tho' it has not discouraged those of the first rate genius from meddling with sacred subjects, has however driven them too often to the disagreeable necessity of interweaving fable and truth; and grafting the sacred on the profane. *Tasso* and *Milton* are instances enough of what is advanced. And yet by good fortune the Poets, with all this extravagance, most certainly stand clear of a charge you will find reason to lay against the Painters and Musicians, of aiding the corruptions of the Romish church.

church. For without the confederacy of both, in stealing away the heart by making the eye and ear captive to their charms, I much doubt whether that form of worship would be so insinuating with the generality, whatever influence it may have over the few who understand it.

3. Besides the matters already touched on, you must have observed numberless other passages of Scripture in the book of Common Prayer; some of which are equally weighty in subject and sublime in composition. Among which are the thirteenth chapter of the Corinthians, and that very sublime one used in the burial service; and the entire collection of Psalms. Many of these will deserve a more particular and frequent attention, as being more universally applicable to human life. Such, for instance, are the 19th, containing a beautiful sketch of the natural and moral world. The 104th and 145th on general providence. The 23d, 46th, and 112th, on the religious confidence of good men. The 127th on the inefficacy of mere human endeavours. The 129th on the omniscience of God. The 90th, being a pa-
thetic

thetic description of this changeable scene of mortality, contrasted with the immutability of the Supreme Being : and many Psalms of general thanksgiving; in one of which the case of the Sailor, and, by common equity, that of the Traveller, is particularly included. My reason for particularising these Psalms, tho' in so hasty a survey, is, because they, as well as some others, are clear of those peculiar circumstances, which make those Psalms of the historical and prophetic kind of more confined and difficult interpretation : and they are such as, with all the disadvantage of a prose translation, (which you know is exceeding great to all works of genius) will yet touch the heart of every one that is not rendered torpid and insensible by long habits of vice and inattention.

Your lordship, I am sure, from a friend, will pardon egotisms, which in some measure are the privilege of age. And I assure you, that though, from the time of finishing my education, I have been extremely partial to the precious remains of antient literature, I think there are numberless passages in the
sacred

sacred writings which, in their style, (independent on their subject) are at least equal to the most admired of classical writers. But as I am always happy when I can appeal to a better judgment than my own, I desire, if you are not already possessed of it, that before you set out (though you should not be able to read it with attention 'till you come home) you will buy Mr. *Lowth's* * Lectures, not long ago published, where, from the pen of an excellent poet, and an acute critic, you will see every thing on this subject set out in the most beautiful manner.

But enough, at present, on the subject of books. The great object of a foreign tour is to study men. One that proposes to go much out into the world, should most eminently like the great Author of it “ be no respecter of persons,” so as, by narrow prejudices, to confine all excellence within the circle of his own Country or connections. For in proportion, as a man thus limits his idea of the

K merit

* Then a Professor in the University of *Oxford*, now Bishop of that Diocese.

merit of others, he will insensibly lessen his own. It is to be found in every civilised country; and those that are not wanting in attention and affability, will be sure to meet with civil and obliging dispositions. A man of sense will always know how to stop short of unbecoming compliances; in all other cases, he will study to be an example of courtesy, and condescension. But, I go no further on this subject, least, if any of your friends should happen to overlook what I am saying, they should think, I am attempting a likeness, where I was only drawing after fancy.

Adieu then, my dear lord: labour to go on to the extreme verge of perfection. That our talents are, in their own nature, limited, every body will allow: but there is a great difference between acknowledging that there are limits, and actually endeavouring to fix them. For he that does so, at least obstructs his own progress towards perfection, to which he might otherwise go much nearer, though he is sure he can never reach it. This is true in science, in virtue, in every human attainment. In
this

this case, as in travelling the *Alps*, you will no sooner have passed one mountain than another will terminate your view; but you will at the same time extend your horizon, and improve your prospect, every step you advance.

May you ever revere that purity of heart which is the only solid foundation of peace of mind ; which will prevent your being corrupted by other forms of religion, or returning with indifference to your own ; which, whether you are at home or abroad, will teach you still to consider yourself as a traveller to a happier country. And that you may there arrive, after long making your friends and Country happy here, after a continual progress in every thing that is good, great, and amiable; and may have your health, and every earthly bliss, in the mean time, is, and will ever be the sincere wish of

Your's most affectionately, &c.

Belvidere,
November 16.

this case, as in travelling the Nile, you will
no sooner have passed one mountain than an-
other will terminate your view; but you
will at the same time extend your horizon,
and improve your prospects, every day you
advance.



May you ever retain this purity of heart
which is the only foundation of peace
of mind; which will prevent your being
corrupted by other forms of religion, or
returning with indifference to your own;
which, whether you are at home or abroad,
will teach you still to consider yourself as a
traveller to a happier country. And that you
may there arrive, after long making your
studies and Country happy here, after a con-
tinual progress in every thing that is good,
and every thing amiable; and may have your
health, and every earthly bliss, in the mean
time; and will ever be the sincere wish of

Your most affectionate Son,

Robert.

THE
HONEST THIEVES:

A FARCE.

IN TWO ACTS.

ALTERED FROM THE COMMITTEE.

By T. KNIGHT. *K*

FIRST ACTED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,
MAY 9, 1797.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR AND UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
O. CAWTHORN, BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND,

1797.

13
T
Y
C
J
J
H

Dramatis Personae.

Men.

COLONEL CARELESS,	-	-	Mr. Macready.
CAPTAIN MANLY,	-	-	Mr. Middleton.
MR. STORY,	-	-	Mr. Clermont.
JUSTICE DAY,	-	-	Mr. Powell.
ABEL,	-	-	Mr. Knight.
OSADIAH,	-	-	Mr. Munden.
Bailiffs,	-	-	Messrs. Thompson and Wyld.
Servant to Justice DAY,	-	-	Mr. Abbot.
Coachman,	-	-	Mr. Ledger.
TEAGUE,	-	-	Mr. Johnson.

Women.

RUTH,	-	-	Mrs. Knight.
ARABELLA,	-	-	Miss Mansell.
MRS. DAY,	-	-	Mrs. Davenport.

Scene---Gloucester.



THE HONEST THIEVES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Inn-door.

Mrs. Day. (Without.)

LET the porter carry our bundles down to Mr. Day's house.

Enter Mrs. DAY, ARABELLA, RUTH, Captain MANLY, and Coachman.

Mrs. D. Out upon't, how dusty 'tis!—'tis a sad thing for people of the better sort, who are us'd to travel in a different style, to put up with a filthy stage-coach. I believe our places 'are paid for, Coachman, are they not?

Coach. Yes, ma'am—paid for at Oxford.

Mrs. D. Very well.—Something for you to drink.

Coach. Thank you, ma'am. [*Exit.*

Mrs. D. Why, how now, Arabella!—what, sad! By my faith you need not—say I told you so. My son Abel has been pining the whole month that you

have been absent; and his Honour, Mr. Day, your guardian, my husband, and Justice of the Peace, was quite impatient till we should fetch you home again. I know you'll like our son Abel; he's much improv'd of late; grown quite genteel, I assure you.

Arab. Then he is improv'd indeed! [*Aside.*

Mrs. D. Now we talk of Abel, I wonder he, or my husband's chief clerk, Obadiah, is not here ready to attend me. [*Seeing Manly.*] How is it with you, Sir? Weary of your journey, I suppose?

Man. Her tongue will never tire. [*Aside.*] Yes, ma'am, so many in the coach has rather heated me.

Enter OBADIAH and ABEL.

Mrs. D. Oh! are you come? Didn't you think it fit that I should find attendance ready for me when I alighted?

Ob. I ask your Honour's pardon; I do profess I should have attended sooner, but that his young Honour, Mr. Abel, delay'd me.

Mrs. D. Well, son Abel, you must be obey'd.—What, you are rejoic'd at the return of one I have in my eye, ha?

Abel. Yes, I have, by my father's desire, been thinking more about somebody than I'll speak of.

Mrs. D. That's right. You must now endeavour to please the ladies, cast off Obadiah's formalities, shew 'em your breeding, boy, and let 'em see you are as well taught as fed. [*Apart.*

Abel. If you please, I wou'd speak a word in private.

Arab. [*To.*] Ruth That poor gentleman seems heartily tir'd of Mrs. Day's tongue.

Ruth. Indeed he looks fatigu'd.

Arab. I like him much ; he seems plain and honest.

Ruth. Plain enough in all conscience ; but to please you, I'll speak to him.

Arab. No, prithee, don't—he'll think us rude.

Ruth. Then I shall think him an ass.—I hope you are better after your journey, Sir?

Man. No, madam, I am rather worse.

Ruth. You don't like riding in a stage, perhaps?

Man. No, ma'am, nor talking after it. This young spawn is as bad as the old pike. [*Aside.*

Ruth. Short, however, if not sweet.

Arab. Prithee, peace!—Sir, we wish you all happiness.

Man. Ma'am, I thank you.—I like her well ; but I hope she'll say no more, lest she should spoil my good opinion. [*Aside.*

Mrs. D. [*Advances.*] Come, Arabella:—'tis as I told you;—Abel has it.—Say no more. Take her by the hand, Abel: faith she may venture to take you for better for worse ; lead her along.—Fare you well, Sir. [*To Manly.*] Oh! Abel's a notable fellow!

[*Abel leads off Arabella, and Obadiah Mrs. Day, leering at Ruth, who follows.*

Man. There's something very interesting about that girl—Well, here I am in the ancient city of Glouce-

ter, quartered for at least six months, if my creditors don't hunt me out of it. As our troop came some days since, private lodgings, I suppose, are scarce. [*Going.*]

Enter Colonel CARELESS and STORY.

Care. Dear Manly, welcome to Gloucester.

Man. Dear Colonel, I did not think to have met you so suddenly. Ah! my old friend, Lieutenant Story, your servant.

Story. Your friend still, Captain—but no longer a Lieutenant: I have quitted the service some time; I am married and settled here, and, faith, as times go, well to do.

Man. I am glad of it.

Care. I hope, Manly, our creditors were not troublesome at our last quarters after I left you? [*Apart.*]

t. Man. They threaten'd us with the law; but I dare say a few pounds will quiet 'em for a month or so.

Care. And in that time we may get relief; by death or marriage. When did you arrive?

Man. Just now—came in a stage-coach, wedg'd in with half a dozen: there was a Justice's wife, full of vulgar dignity, and her daughter; but a bastard, past doubt, for she bore no resemblance to her mother: their names are Day. There was another young lady with 'em, rather handsome; and she, it seems, is intended for the Justice's eldest son; a downright ass. He came here to meet his mother, and with him his father's drawling clerk:—two such formal, awkward rascals you never saw—ha! ha!

Story. The handsome lady you speak of is a rich heiress; they say, her father died abroad in the king's service, and left this Mr. Day her guardian, who, it seems, designs her for this his first-born booby.

Care. Why what a dull dog wer't thou, Manly, not to make love and rescue her!—Hey!—whom have we here?

Enter TEAGUE, wrapt up in a blanket.
Who art thou, pray?

Tea. A poor Irishman, heaven save me, and save all your three faces!—give me a thirteen.

Care. Thou wilt not lose any thing for want of asking.

Tea. Faith I can't afford it.

Care. Well, there's sixpence for thy confidence.

Tea. By my troth 'tis too little, make it a thirteen and I'll drink all your healths.

Man. How long hast thou been in England?

Tea. Ever since I came here, and longer too.

Care. What's thy business?

Tea. I have no business at all, at all; I'm a gentleman at large, and that's all I have done since I left my master.

Care. Why did'st leave him?

Tea. Because he died one day.

Care. Then it seems he left thee?

Tea. Yes, indeed—he left poor Teague—but he never serv'd me so before in all his life.

Care. Prithée, who was thy master?

Tea. Sure he was the good Colonel Danger.

[*With affection.*]

Care. Colonel Danger! He was my dear and noble friend.

Tea. Yes, that he was, and poor Teague's too.

Care. Where did he die?

Tea. He died in bed, in the enemy's prison, t'other side the water there.

Care. And what dost thou mean to do?

Tea. I wou'd get a good master, if a good master wou'd get me. I can't tell what to do else—I was here on my way to Bristol, to see to beg a passage to old Ireland; I went to the man who lives at that house, at the end of t'other house, beside the great house, who tells by the stars and the *planters* what good luck is for man; and he told me there was no star for a poor Irishman. By my soul, says I, there are as many stars in Ireland as in England, and more too. Now I'll go to Ireland, and if the stars be there still, I'll come back, (and I'll beat his big pate, if he won't give Teague some good luck.

Care. Poor fellow, I pity him; he seems simple and honest. Well, Teague, what would'st thou say, if I should take thee?

Tea. I'd say you cou'd not do a better thing, though you got a worse man.

Care. Thy master was my dear friend;—wer't thou with him when he died?

Tea. Upon my soul and I was: and I howl'd over him after—and I ask'd him why he wou'd die and

leave poor Teague? but the devil a word he answer'd; and in faith I staid kissing his sweet face, till they took him from me. While my master was ill, we sold our cloaths to buy physic and other things to comfort his stomach; but och! he paid me again, for when he died, he left me all that he had in the world.

Care. Did he leave thee all that he had?

Tea. Faith and he did: he left me his love and his friendship, and that was his *all*; and then I wrapt myself up in this blanket, in which many's the time I roll'd him to keep him warm; and it does not fit me the worse for that: and in this dress I turn'd out for my journey, without any victuals at all besides a little snuff.

Care. Well, well, serve and love me, as thou did'st thy master, and thou shalt live with me.

Tea. Faith and I will.—Och! be such another master to poor Teague, and sure I'd serve you to the world's end, whether I wou'd or no. [*To himself.*] I'm hir'd!

Care. Now then to business—we must visit these ladies you speak of, Manly:—Story, do you know the family?

Story. I know them by name: but Day would as soon let the devil loose with his family as a soldier:—but come to my house, where, if you please, you may both lodge.

Tea. I'm hir'd!

[*To himself.*]

Care. Courage, noble Captain! Who knows but we may make our fortunes here in our new quarters, as well as Story!

Man. And shou'd we not, 'tis but living on Teague's cheap diet of snuff.

Tea. And of that you shall have your belly-full!

Care. Come, Teague, thou shalt lay by this mantle (in lavender if thou wilt) and mount the family livery; and should our fathers, Manly, still keep us from inheritance, and matrimony prove unpropitious, we'll hoist sail for a new world! [*With rapture.*]

Tea. Ay, for old Ireland, master! Och! upon my soul, and I'd like to take you to my little estate there in Tipperary.

Care. Hast thou got an estate there?

Tea. Indeed and I have; but the land is of such a nature, if you had it for *nothing*, you'd scarce make your money of it.

Care. and *Man.* Ha! ha! ha! ha! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Day's House. Enter Mr. and Mrs. DAY.

Mr. D. Welcome, welcome, sweet Duck; thou hast brought home money, and money's worth:—if we can but make sure of this heiress Arabella for our son Abel—

Mrs. D. If we can—what, you are at your *ifs* again?—If I didn't rouse and support you, you wou'd start at your own shadow.

Mr. D. I profess, Duck, thou say'st true—I should

never have got Ruth and her estate into my clutches, but for thee.

Mrs. D. In that, too, you were at your *ifs*; and now, you see, she passes with every one for our own daughter.

Mr. D. Truly, I am much indebted to thy counsel, Duck.

Mrs. D. Yes, and our neighbours perceive it; in truth they sometimes call me the Justice. Well, then, Arabella must be Abel's wife out of hand: in this Ruth must assist, and Abel must endeavour to do his part also.

Mr. D. Aye, wife, there is the mischief; Abel is not much of the ladies' man: I fear he'll never do for the commission;—he copies Obadiah too much by half.

Mrs. D. Why, to be sure; the boy is none of the brightest.

Mr. D. Od, if I were as young and as comely as he is—

Mrs. D. You'd do wonders, to be sure; but Ruth shall instruct him, and speak a good word to Arabella. Here she comes.

Enter RUTH.

Mr. D. Ruth! It is my wife's desire——

Mrs. D. Well, if it be your wife's desire, she can tell it herself, I suppose.—My dear Ruth, my husband and I wish for a match between our Abel and Arabella—now the boy is not forward enough, and I wish you, love, to instruct him how to insinuate him-

self, and put on little winning and deluding ways:—use thy power, wench, and you shan't repent it.

Ruth. Ma'am, I shall be happy to do my best.

Mrs. D. Go call Abel, my good girl.

Ruth. I'll instruct him, and finely. [*Aside, & exit.*]

Mrs. D. By this, husband, we shall secure to Abel a good fortune—We must lose no time—I saw the officer in the coach to-day cast a sheep's eye at Arabella: there is a new troop too come to town—they are dangerous men—Sure I know what officers are!

Re-enter RUTH, with ABEL.

Mr. D. Son Abel, do you hear?

Mrs. D. Do hold your peace, and give me leave.—I have told you before, child, that Arabella would be a good wife for you.

Abel. Why, truly, I think so too: but I can't say that I feel much love yet.

Mrs. D. All in good time—Ruth here will instruct you what to say, and how to carry yourself; receive her directions, and be confident. Ah! boy, had'st thou thy mother's head!—Well, what can't be, can't be—pray observe your sister's directions.

Mr. D. Be sure, boy——

Mrs. D. Who bid you speak? Surely I have told him myself; so get about your business.

[*Exit Mrs. Day, pushing out Mr. Day.*]

Ruth. Now, then, brother Abel.

Abel. Now, then, sister Ruth.

Ruth. Have you a month's mind to this young lady?

Abel. I have not lov'd her more than a week yet.

Ruth. Oh! I beg your pardon:—but to begin:—you must alter your posture:—there, hold up your head as it becomes your dignity, and turn out your toes; they seem to have a great affection for each other; they don't like to part—Your hands thus: one in your bosom, t'other a kimbo, to denote your consequence.

Abel. Must I walk trippingly, or with a grave step?

Ruth. Oh! gravely by all means, like a true lover—Let's see—[*He walks.*] Vastly well! Suppose now I were your mistress, and met you by accident; then you must start to one side, like a frighten'd horse—[*she starts*] and declare that you did not see her before, because you were so wrapt up in love.—Now then.

Abel. Aye, but I don't know what to say.

Ruth. Begin thus—"Pardon, madam, the delightful reverie of all delighting love, in which I was so wrapt up, that I did not see you"—dropping on your knee.
[*Kneeling.*]

Abel. I fear I shall forget the words.

Ruth. Well, try once.

Abel. "Pardon, madam, the delightful levellee of all delighting love, in which [*Ruth prompts him thus far*] I was so wrapt up, that you could not see me dropping on your knee."

Ruth. Ha! ha! ha! better than I expected. [*Aside.*] Oh, you're perfect—then she'll answer,—"I suppose, Sir, your enquiring mind was sunk so deep into the

profounds of cogitation, that, like other wise men, you needed a friend to help you out." Now your reply.

Abel. No, indeed, I want no help at all.

Ruth. Oh fie, man! you must confess you need help, and ask her for her hand.

Abel. Aye, that brings it to the point.

Ruth. To be sure it does: besides, Arabella will never die for love of you (engaging as you are) if you are not gallant.

Abel. Why yes, I am engaging, and I can be gallant, if that be all.

Ruth. No doubt—now go seek your mistress, and remember your lesson—keep your position, and the town's your own.

Abel. Nay, I care not for the town, if I can get Arabella.

Ruth. I could burst with laughing: what an ass it is—ha! ha! ha!—

Enter ARABELLA.

Oh! that thou hadst come the other way, and met my booby brother, Abel.

Arab. Why?

Ruth. He wou'd have play'd at loggerheads with thee, for I have set the block which bears his hat so high, that he must of necessity run against any thing that comes in his way; he's seeking you to make love—Oh! you'll be rarely courted!

Arab. Nay, Ruth, 'twere well enough for me to

mock them ; but consider Mr. and Mrs. Day are your parents.

Ruth. That I deny: wonder not ! I begin thus freely to invite your confidence.

Arab. You amaze me !

Ruth. 'Tis enough to tell you now, that I know Sir Bazil Thoroughgood was my father, and at two years old, (the time my father died) this canting Day, then sole trustee, caught me and my estates.—Hereafter you shall know all ; 'twere time we both look'd to our own affairs, Arabella.

Arab. Then let us love and assist each other.—Wou'd they marry me to this their first born puppy ?

Ruth. No doubt—but we'll find those ere long shall see us righted. Oh ! here's another of the goodly flock—step aside now. [Arabella walks up.

Enter OBADIAH.

Ob. Mrs. Ruth, I am glad to see thee return'd, in truth I am ; for a smile from thee, to Obadiah's heart, is the most exhilarating cordial.

Ruth. Except the cordial you take for the cholic, Mr. Obadiah.

Ob. Truly I am much afflicted that way, but thy little sparkles always revive me. [*She laughs.*] Ah ! thou art skittish and profane—Odso, I must hasten on business for his Worship ; when I look on thee Satan is busy within me—Oh ! [*checking his rapture*] but I will smite and keep the rebel down. [Exit.

ARABELLA *advances.*

Ruth. There is a sighing swain for you—but come, dear girl, we'll make our lovers our pastime: remember I am Ruth still, and their daughter. As I live, Abel returns!—for the joke sake walk toward him;—I'll not leave you. [*Retires.*]

Enter ABEL, as not seeing Arabella: they walk toward each other, and Abel starts, as Ruth taught him.

Arab. Hey! what's the meaning of this?

Abel. "Pardon, madam, the delightful levellee of all delighting love, in which I was so wrapp'd up, that you cou'd not see me dropping on your knee."

[*Kneels.*]

Arab. Surely he's mad!

[*Aside.*]

Abel. Now you shou'd speak, forsooth.

Arab. What should I say, forsooth?

Abel. Just what you please, forsooth.

Arab. This is Ruth's instruction. [*Aside.*] Pardon me, Sir, but I did not see you.

Abel. No, 'tis I that was not to see you, and then you are to answer. [*Rises, and goes to her.*]

Arab. Well, what should I answer?

Abel. Something about *me*, and other wise men and cogitations, and then you take my hand, and help me out.

Enter Mrs. DAY.

Mrs. D. Why, how now, son Abel! got so close to Miss Arabella! Oh! then, I smell a rat—nay look you,

Ruth. [Ruth advances.] See how gay Abel is—do but mark his eyes—there—there—he looks a thousand darts at once!—Ruth, how has he behaved, ha?

[Apart to Ruth.]

Ruth. Oh! beyond expectation—He'll need but little teaching. Humour his mother. [Aside to Arabella.]

Mrs. D. I thought thou would'st turn out thy mother's own son—that's right, Abel;—take her by the hand, and lead her in:—look at the soft deluder—oh! he has a winning way with him!

[Exeunt Abel and Arabella, with Mrs. Day—
Ruth behind, laughing.]

SCENE III.

A Street. Enter Colonel CARELESS, Captain MANLY, and STORY.

Care. Ha! ha! ha! nay, Manly, thou art caught:—if I know the signs of love, Captain, thou art caught.

Story. And if Miss Arabella, old Day's ward, be the object of his passion, he might have taken a worse aim.

Man. Why, to confess the truth, I do feel a little interested, but I detest courtship.

Care. What, a soldier, and not love a siege!—Would'st have the women court thee? Prithce tell me, Story, has old Day's daughter a good fortune?

Story. Yes, if the old folk please, I believe she has a little independance; and wealth is the deity her parents worship. They have great trust and power; but if I

mistake not, as arrant rogues as ever made sanctity a cloak to avarice.

Care. Say you so? then I'll send her a billetdoux. Where the devil is that fellow Teague?

Enter TEAGUE, dress'd a.

Tea. Sure I'm here, master.

Care. Oh! very well, I want you: you are not acquainted at the house, you say, Story?

Story. Not I—'twou'd degrade their dignity to admit a poor Lieutenant.

Care. I observe you speak in the plural number. Does her Ladyship rank so high in Mr. Day's family?

Man. Oh! commander in chief—I'll be sworn.

Story. Why I believe the "grey mare is the better horse."

Tea. And that's foolish [*Col. checks him.*] Oh! that's very foolish!—When I'm married—I'll take care "the grey horse shall be the better mare."

Story. Ha! ha! ha! you must know this Mrs. Day was formerly kitchen-maid to her husband's father, and, in days of yore, called Gillian; but now "she rules the roast" in the parlour as absolutely as she formerly did in the kitchen.

Care. I'll send Teague to her advanc'd honour, to beg I may have leave to wait on her Ladyship.

Man. Teague will mistake, my life on't.

Tea. Indeed an I will not mistake the kitchen-maid. Where must I go now to mistake the kitchen-maid?

Story. As I live, Colonel, here are the very ladies in question—I'll retire. [*Exit.*]

Care. Manly, you'll introduce me.

Enter ARABELLA and RUTH. TEAGUE stands by his Master, and makes his bow, &c.

Man. Fair ladies, your most obedient! My friend, Colonel Careless, a man of honour, and a true lover of your sex. [*Manly retires with Arabella.*]

Ruth. [*Curtesying*] Indeed, Colonel, are you such a military prodigy?

Care. As what, ma'am?

Ruth. A true lover.

Care. When I look at you, madam, it is impossible I should be otherwise. [*Bows.*]

Tea. Sure an Irishman could not have said it better! [*To himself.*]

Ruth. Oh! dear, Sir; our's is a jaunt of business, not compliment—so fare you well.

[*Going, Teague and Colonel stop her.*]

Care. Nay, do not thus march off with flying colours. Your friend, you see, is not in haste.

Ruth. Probably she has found more attraction.

Care. I wou'd you had found the same!

Ruth. Nay, don't be foolish—but let me ask you, is your friend a man of family and fortune, Colonel?

Care. Oh! oh! then I see how it is, [*Aside*]. Of good family, madam—little fortune, except in debts, considerable expectations, and in the road to prefer-

ment; much in the same predicament stands your humble servant—Then shall I be *your* friend?

Ruth. Why to say truth, Colonel, we, each of us, never stood more in need of a friend in all—O lud! what am I about to say—Arabella, come along, or I shall be in as bad a plight as yourself.

[*Runs away.* Col. stops her.]

Care. Shall I swear I love you?

Tea. No, don't—take time to consider first.

[*Aside to Colonel.*]

Ruth. Don't swear, if you would have me believe it. Shew it by deeds, not oaths—In short, Colonel, if you *are* what you *seem*, I may, perhaps—

Care. What, my angel?

Ruth. Wish you were another man;—my friend is taking leave.

Care. When shall I see you again?

Ruth. Perhaps our friends have settled that—farewell.—

Arab. Sir, I have trusted you as a man of honour.

Man. Madam, you shall not repent it. Adieu!

[*Exit Arab and Ruth.*]

Care. Manly, has she appointed another interview, and promis'd to bring her friend with her? [*Eagerly.*]

Man. Upon my soul I forgot that.

Care. Oh! the devil! Do they both live together?

Man. Yes, Colonel.

Care. And in Day's house?

Man. Certainly.

Care. Teague! [*Story advances, and talks to Manly.*]

Tea. You need not call Teague—sure he's at your elbow.

Care. I want thee to go on a message to Mrs. Day.

Tea. To the lady that was kitchen-maid to her father?

Care. Yes, and on thy life take no notice of that, but at almost every word give her—"your Ladyship"—and "your Honour"—for example, say—"My master presents his service to your *Ladyship*, and having some business with your *Honour*, begs to know when he may have leave to wait on your *Ladyship*?"

[*Teague laughs, and turns his back.*]

Blockhead, you must not turn your back.

Tea. Oh, no, I always turn my face to the ladies. [*Bows*]. But was she her own father—that is—father-in-law's kitchen-maid?

Care. Why what then?

Tea. Upon my soul, then, I shall laugh upon her face, for all I wou'd not have a mind to do it.

Care. Poo! poo! you must set your countenance in form, and look serious, before you begin.

Tea. I must not think of a kettle then, or a pan, or the big boiling pot, or any thing that will put a mind into my head of a kitchen.

Care. Not for a thousand pounds; 'twou'd undo us all.

Tea. Well, then; that my mouth may'nt be laughing on one side or t'other, I'll keep it shut all the time I'm speaking.

Care. You'll find me at the inn.

Tea. [*Going, returns.*] Arrah, master, what is Mrs. Day's name?

Story. Ha! ha! ha!—oh I'll inform thee by the way, and that thou may'st not mistake, I'll shew thee the house also. [*Exeunt Careless and Manly.*]

Tea. Och! leave Teague alone for that—shew me the door, joy, and I'll find the house myself. [*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Day's House. Enter RUTH and ARABELLA.

Arabella.

OH! his confession was like himself, noble; I dare be sworn my Captain's honest.

Ruth. That's more than I'll swear for my Colonel; but a good example may make him so.

Arab. Oh! Ruth, I am hamper'd, nay, more hamper'd than thou think'st. If thou art a fellow-sufferer, shew me by a sign; hold up thy finger, and console me. [*Ruth holds up her thumb.*] Nay, madcap, that's not a finger—but a thumb.

Ruth. Well, and that's next to it—but I'll not forsake thee; were I not smitten, I would persuade myself to be in love, if it were only to bear thee company. Oh! that we could contrive to get our estates out of old Day's clutches!

Arab. Oh! that we could contrive to poison that fellow Abel!

Ruth. Hush!

Enter Mrs. DAY and ABEL.

Mrs. D. Well, Arabella, I hope you have consider'd what is for your own good; you may be worse offer'd. Abel, never stand *shilly shally*, tell her your mind—Ruth, a word—— [*They retire.*]

Abel. You see, now, that I am somebody, though you make nobody of me: I know how to prevail; therefore, pray say what am I to trust to, for my mother says I must not stand *shilly shally*?

Arab. You are hasty, Sir.

Abel. Yes, it becomes me to be so, because I am the heir of the family.

Enter TEAGUE.

Arab. Whom have we here?

Tea. Well, now, what is your names, every one of you?

Ruth. [*Aside.*] Upon my life, Arabella, 'tis the Irish servant of my Colonel.

Arab. Hush!

Tea. Well, can't some of you all say nothing, though you don't speak?

Mrs. D. Why, how now, sauce-box!—what, have you left your manners without? [*Takes off his hat.*] Go out and fetch 'em.

Tea. What should I fetch now?

Mrs. D. Do you know who you are speaking to, sirrah?

Tea. By my soul an I don't:—'Tis little my own

mother thought I should ever speak to the likes of you.

Abel. You had better not be saucy to her Honour.

Tea. Her Honour! and, I suppose, you are *his* *Worship*. I want to speak to one Mrs. Day.

Mrs. D. Well, impudence—I am Mrs. Day—What's your business?

Tea. Oh, are you there with yourself, Mrs. Day? I'll look well first—and I'll set my face to be serious, and in form—and now I'll tell her my message.—The good Colonel, my master, bid me ask your Ladyship—*[Turns and laughs]*.—By my soul the laugh will come upon my mouth in spite of me—ha! ha!—the pepper-castor!—

Mrs. D. Why you impudent fellow! were you sent here to abuse me?

Abel. Sir, if you offer to abuse my mother, Obadiah and I shall thump you.

Tea. *[Smiles.]* You'll do what?

Abel. Thump you, we shall, if you abuse her Honour.

Tea. Then, by my soul, I have a great mind to thump you with my *hammer*.

[Lifting his arm, Abel runs behind his Mother.]

Mrs. D. Why, varlet, d'ye mean to insult me?—Get out of my house, fellow!

Tea. Won't I give you my message then from my master?

Mrs. D. Tell your master to bring his message himself, whoever he is,

Tea. By my soul, and he shall, for Teague.

Mrs D. And not send a saucy *Irish brute* that can't speak a word of English.

Tea. An *Irish brute*! Is it for me that name? Why then the devil christen your Ladyship! and your Honour-ship! and Kitchen-ship to boot!—Sure that's plain English. [Exit.

[*Ruth and Arabella enjoy her distress, in the back ground.*]

Mrs. D. Ah! [*Screams*] Oh! that my husband had been here!—but he is never where he is wanted—Kitchen-ship indeed! and you to stand by like a sheep—Run after, and stop him. Call help as you go—Make haste, I say. [Pushes Abel.

Abel. Help!—help!—help!—help! [Exit.

Mrs. D. I'll punish the saucy villain—Kitchen-ship indeed! [Exit Mrs. Day.

Ruth. Run, Arabella, run after Abel, and stop him, that the poor fellow may escape.

Arab. Keep his dam off, and leave me to manage the young whelp. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Outside of Day's House. Enter MANLY, hastily.

Man. Where the devil shall I shelter? Scarcely got into quarters but I must be disturb'd by bailiffs:—curse 'em! here they come!—then to my heels. [Exit.

Enter Two Bailiffs, hastily.

1st. Ba'l. That's he—I should know him amongst a thousand. *[Exeunt.]*

Tea. *[without]* Hub bub boo! Run, master!—Run, mongrels!—Run, bull!—Run bailiffs!

Enter TEAGUE.

Oh! if Teague's prayer prevails, you'll tumble and break your necks, you Bum Bailly rascals! Och! by the Powers they are down! they are down! one over t'other, and right in the kennel, as clean as dirt—Your first cousin the devil help you out o' that.—

Enter Colonel CARELESS, hastily.

Care. Teague! have you seen Captain Manly?

Tea. Indeed and I have; he has just escap'd from the bailiffs there.

Care. Has he escap'd?—Then all's well:—they were as near snapping me too. *[Going.]*

Tea. *[stopping him.]* Arrah, then don't go that way; you'll surely be overtaken, for they're all before you.

Care. No—here comes another behind me; plague on 'em: they're on a full scent—What shall I do? Here is a door, and invitingly open—I'll in—Teague, scout abroad;—if any thing happens, here you shall find me. Observe the door, do you hear?

Tea. Sure—I'll know it again!—I'll write my name on it.

Care. That I believe is not in thy power. *[Exit.]*

Tea. Indeed and it is: I have pen and ink in my pocket. [*Makes a great cross with chalk.*] Sure enough that will stand for my name as well as any thing; and I have been too well us'd to a cross not to know it again:—My father spent all my estate before ever I had it; that was one cross. Then I was cross'd in love by Logan Lochlogan; that was another cross: and my life hereafter has been full of crosses ever since!

Enter Third Bailiff.

3d. Bail. Did you see a gentleman pass this way but now?

Tea. Indeed an I did—I'll hum this fellow. [*Aside.*] He went in yonder to the Goose and Alderman: suppose you and I have a drink together there, without offence to either?

3d. Bail. With all my heart, if you'll stand treat.

Tea. Indeed an I will.—I shou'd have a thirteen somewhere—[*Searching his pockets.*] By my soul, my money is like a wild colt, I must drive it up in a corner before I can catch it:—Och! I have it by the scruff o'the neck; so come along, honey. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Inside of Day's apartment. Enter RUTH and OBADIAH, with writings.

Ruth. Having drank thy cordial, Obadiah, hasten about thy master's business.

Ob. I will, forsooth; but why wilt thou not smile upon thy admirer, and gladden him with the beams of kindness?

Ruth. Because, forsooth, I don't like it.

Ob. Thou know'st not the extent of my riches.

Ruth. If they are equal to your charms, they are beyond my hopes.

Ob. Um!—why the ladies have sometimes prais'd the symmetry of my features—Nor dost thou know thy own riches; nor will I tell thee, unless I make thee bone of my bone. [*Aside.*]

Ruth. Are these the marriage-settlements between Abel and Arabella?

Ob. They are, forsooth. When they are married—ha! my little merry maid—shall *we*—ha?—I can make thee a good jointure.

Ruth. Why, when *they are married*, perhaps we may. Shall I ask your master's consent?

Ob. Not for the world.

Ruth. Well, well, go about the writings, and I'll think of it.

Ob. Wilt thou?—Then I will go.

With looks of love I do depart,

'Tis through mine eyes thou read'st my heart.

[*Going, looks over his shoulder—Colonel Careless runs against him, and tumbles him back.*]

Ruth. Oh! heavens 'tis the Colonel! [*Aside*] What have you done, Sir? I hope you have not kill'd the man. How is it, poor Obadiah? [*They help him up.*]

Ob. Truly he came forcibly upon me, and I fear

he hath bruised the intellectuals of my stomach. [*Gets up.*

Ruth. Before you go to the lawyers, go in again, Obadiah—Take this key—go in again, and take another sup of the cordial.

Ob. I do believe it would be wise ; and as thou desir'st it, I will apply another drop to the bruise of my stomach ; the blow has encreas'd my cholic exceedingly.

[*Exit Obadiah.*

Ruth. Heavens ! Colonel ! How came you here ? Who let you in ? Did you knock at the door ?

Care. No, my angel, the door stood open, as if it had a mind to say—I pray you, Sir, come in ? But where is the place I would not storm to get at—

Ruth. Hold ! for love's sake, don't storm here !—Should Mr. or Mrs. Day see you, we are ruin'd.—Should they but suspect, invention would be racked to prevent our ever meeting more.

Care. Then let us seize the present moment, and on the wings of Love fly far away.

Enter TEAGUE, in haste—RUTH retires.

Tea. Och ! master, master, are you here then ?—Sure enough you are. The good Captain Manly is overtaken again, so he is ; and the rascally Bum Bailiffs have taken him to prison.

Care. Hush ! for your life— [*Apart.*

Tea. The devil burn me if— [*Careless stops his mouth*]
Oh ! if you won't hear of your friend when he is in gaol, then—

Care. Prithee be quiet, blockhead.

Tea. Och! pay me my wages, take your livery, and give Teague his blanket! By my soul, I'd go stark naked, with only that to cover me, before I'd serve a master that neglects his friend when he is in trouble.

[*Pulling off his coat.*]

Care. Blockhead! I'll attend him directly.

Tea. Och! very well then, could not you say so at first? Sure I can pardon a slip.

Ruth. You seem troubled, Sir. May I know the business?

Care. Why, Madam, to be *honest* with you——

Tea. That's right now, and like yourself. [*Apart.*]

Care. Prithee, be quiet. Madam, my dear friend, your friend's admirer, is arrested, and in prison.

Tea. Indeed and he is, at the tavern below here.

Care. For the present, therefore, I must bid you farewell.

Ruth. Stay but a moment, perhaps I may serve your friend. [*Going.*]

Tea. [*whispering the Col.*] If she's a housekeeper, ask her to go bail for the Captain.

Enter ARABELLA.

Ruth. Oh! Arabella! I was going to seek you.

Arab. What is the matter?

Ruth. Thy Captain is taken by bailiffs, and carried to prison, and his friend here almost distracted.

Arab. What do you tell me? Oh! that I could release him! I should rejoice to do it.

Ruth. The only means you have is to smile upon

Abel, and get *him* to bail him. Here he comes with Obadiah: wheedle him.

Enter ABEL and OBADIAH.

Arab. So, Mr. Abel, where have you been?—Could you find in your heart to keep thus out of my sight?

Abel. Important affairs kept me away from you, as Obadiah can witness—*bona fide*.

Ob. I can, forsooth, myself being a material party.

Care. Pox on 'em, how slow they speak! [*Aside.*

Tea. Speak faster, can't you—speak faster? [*Hastily.*

Arab. Well, well, you shall go no more out of my sight. It is not your *bona fides* shall satisfy me: I have occasion to go a little way; you and Obadiah must go with me; nay, you shall not deny me any thing.

Abel. No, indeed, I ought not. Come along, Obadiah. You see how well she loves me!

[*Abel leads out Arabella, and the Colonel Ruth.*

Tea. [*Leading out Obadiah.*] Give me your hand, honey, and I'll lead you.

SCENE IV.

A Tavern. MANLY discovered. Two Bailiffs waiting

Man. For your lenity I thank you; if my friend does not come within this half hour, I'll attend you to prison. Will you take another glass?

1st Bail. Why, Sir, we thank you.

Man. Brandy or Sherry? There are both.—Help yourselves. Oh! here comes my friend.—'Sdeath, Arabella too! [Bailiffs drink.]

Enter Colonel CARELESS, ABEL, RUTH, ARABELLA, TEAGUE, and OBADIAH. Careless goes to Manly. They retire. Teague takes the bottle aside, with Obadiah, who receives, and drinks a glass slyly.

Arab. [To Abel.] Nay, Sir, you need not scruple; he is a kinsman of mine; you surely can't think I would let you suffer—you that must be nearer than a kinsman to me.

Abel. But my mother is not acquainted with it.

Arab. Oh! if that be all, Ruth and I will hold you harmless; besides, we can't marry, if my kinsman be in prison; his presence will be necessary to sign our marriage deeds—Much depends on his consent—we must please him.

Abel. Oh! if that is the case, Obadiah, it seems proper that we shou'd set this gentleman at liberty. Tell 'em, therefore, that we will bail him.

Ob. I shall.—Gentlemen, this is Mr. Abel Day, the first-born of his Wors^{hip} Mr. Day; and I, by name Obadiah, am his Honour's chief clerk.

1st Bail. Well, Sir, we know Mr. Day and Mr. Abel.

Abel. Yes, that's I—and I'll bail this gentleman.

1st Bail. Sir, if you please to step into the next room, we can have no objection.

Abel. Well, go you before; Obadiah, let 'em know who I am: I believe he dare not refuse my bail: it's as much as his place is worth to refuse my bail.

[*Exeunt Abel, Obadiah, and Bailiffs.*]

Care. By my faith, Manly, they are noble girls!

Man. They have bereft me of all words. Prithee, make my acknowledgements.

Care. Miss Arabella, the Captain begs me to return you his sincerest thanks, and desires me to add, that he never felt greater felicity than in being obliged—
[*Manly pulling his coat*] Prithee be quiet—to the only woman on earth he wou'd wish to be obliged to.

Arab. In doing what I have done, Sir, I have obliged myself.

Man. Madam, I can only say, I love and thank you: hereafter I hope my deeds will speak more.

Ruth. Well, let us not lose time. We have a scheme on foot---should we bring it to bear, we may perhaps need your assistance,

Care. Madam, you shall command us.

Ruth. If you *can*, keep Obadiah here; he may else be in the way,

Care. Will the rogue drink?

Ruth. I suspect so. He is fond of cordials, but he's too cautious to be caught at home.

Care. Teague, could'st not thou entertain Obadiah in the next room, till he were a little tipsy, or so?

Tea. Indeed an I cou'd, He'll take it down like new milk; he gave me an earpest but now: sure I

can make him and myself too drunk for the honour of Ireland.

Man. Then take the bottles with thee.

Tea. [*Takes the bottles.*] One is half full, and t'other half empty. I'll put them together, and then Master Obadiah and I will empty two bottles at once.

[*Exit Teague.*]

Care. Here comes Jupiter's Mercury, the expeditious Mr. Abel.

Ruth. Mr. Teague, I see, stops Obadiah.

Arab. So much the better for us.

Enter ABEL.

Abel. I have, according to your desire, releas'd your kinsman. I love to be charitable sometimes: but where is Obadiah? Oba——

Arab. [*Stops his mouth.*] What signifies Obadiah, while I am with you? [*As angry.*] Odds my life, I shall be jealous of you! give me your hand, and don't ask after that stupid fellow again in my presence, I beseech you.

[*Abel leads her.*]

Abel. You may come to my wedding if you please, Sir, you and your friend, for all you have been beholden to my authority.

[*Exit, leading Arabella; Ruth follows.*]

Man. I'd rather I and my friend were going to thy funeral.

Care. Methinks there is a strange mystery about these girls; yet in the main they are candid too.

Man. On my life, sincerity itself!—They are all heart.

Care. Would'st marry Arabella, Manly?

Man. Aye, though she had not a shilling.

Care. She loves thee, that's certain: I wou'd mine were attach'd, and her fortune independent of the old curmudgeon, Justice Day!—Hark! hark!—see where Teague with laurels comes; and the vanquish'd Obadiah, with nothing fix'd about him but his eyes.

Enter TEAGUE and OBADIAH, singing.

Man. I fancy Teague has given him more brandy than wine.

Tea. Well, now upon my soul, little Obadiah sings as well as he drinks. Come then, we'll sing an Irish song.

Ob. Aye, an Irish song and more Sherry.

Tea. Och! faith, joy, you shan't want for a sup of the creature. Och! beautiful! [*Obadiah drinks*] Now then for an Irish song. [*Sings.—Between each verse lets Obadiah drink out of the bottle. Manly and Careless enjoy it in the back-ground.*]

SONG.

I.

OH! when I was christen'd 'twas on a fair day,
And my own loving mother call'd me her dear joy;
And that I was so, why she always wou'd say—
A smiling, beguiling, dutiful, beautiful, &c. &c.
O moderation her own little boy!

II.

But when I grew up I was always in love,
Variety's pleasing, and never can cloy:
 So true to ten thousand I constantly prove—
A sighing, dying, kneeling, stealing, &c. &c.
O boderation a fond Irish boy!

III.

For war, love, or drinking, myself am the lad,
Oh the wide world itself I'd go near to destroy;
 But a sup of the creature soon makes my heart glad,
And then I'm a laughing, quaffing, splashing, dashing,
&c. &c.—

O boderation a tight Irish boy!

[*The Song being ended, Obadiah and Teague dance, and sing—"La ral la liddy, diddy," &c.*]

Ob. Nice song!—but I can't do these 'material matters—Nice song, nice Sherry. More Sherry!

Tea. Och! faith, and you shall, honey! [*Obadiah drinks*] And since you are mindful of your *mouth*, pray don't neglect your *nose*.—We'll snuff together for the honour of Ireland. [*Teague holds his mull; as Obadiah tries to put his finger and thumb into it, he moves it, first to one side, then t'other.*] By my soul, you are not the first man that has miss'd his mark all on one side; here, lay it upon your hand—there, put one of your noses to it now. [*Obadiah takes it.*] Oh! Mr. Obid will make a brave Irishman, that he will; sure you'll put this up your t'other nose now! [*Takes it as before.*]

Ob. I'll snuff for old Ireland.—More Sherry! Now you sing English, and I'll sing Irish.

Tea. Right, joy: like man and wife, we'll join *English* and *Irish* together; and the devil fire him who disturbs the harmony of such a wedding! [*They sing and dance; Obadiah tumbles down.*] Oh! Mr. Obid, Mr. Obid!—you are down!—you are down!—upon my soul I believe he is dead.

Care. Dead!

Tea. Yes—dead drunk—Och! poor Obid is gone!—and I'll howl over him as we do in Ireland. [*Howls.*] Och! poor Obid, and are you gone, my jewel! Och! Oh! &c. I'll try if he's dead indeed. [*Puts the bottle to his mouth.*] The bottle's almost too small for his pretty mouth—Oh! he gulps! he gulps, like a big fish!

[*Obadiah makes a gurgling noise.*]

Care. Oh come, the rogue's alive.

Ob. Ruth's a nice wench! I'll have her.

Care. Will you, faith?

Ob. More Sherry!—She old Day's daughter!—I know better.

Care. Dost hear that, Manly? The rascal is leaky in his cups.

Ob. She's rich—I'll blow you up, old Day—I'll marry her.

Tea. Upon my soul, and you'll make a sweet pretty bridegroom!

Care. Teague, here's a shilling—get a chair, and carry him to his master's; and shou'd you meet the ladies, say they will find us at Lieutenant Story's.

Tea. Give me the thirteen, and I'll give him an Irish Sedan.

Care. Prithee, how's that?

Tea. Let me just get between the poles, and I'll shew you—there——

Ob. More Sherry! [*Teague draws him off by the heels.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Day's House. Enter Mr. and Mrs. DAY.

Mrs. D. Come, dispatch! dispatch, I say!—dispatch the marriage whilst she is thus taken with our Abel.

Mr. D. I have sent Obadiah with the writings to the lawyer to secure to Abel the bulk of Arabella's estates.

Mrs. D. Have you the other writings ready?

Mr. D. I have, Duck—I have.—They are in my chest, in the next room, with those of Ruth's. With your leave, Duck, we'll just look 'em over.

[*Lays out keys and pocket-book on the table.*]

Enter Servant.

Mr. D. Well, what now, that you come in such haste?

Ser. Please your Honour, your good neighbour, Zachariah Stedfast, is departing this life; and as he has made your Honour his executor, he wishes to speak to you before he dies.

Mr. D. Odso, Odso! then the good man will leave us.

Ser. Yes, Sir, that he will before you get there, if you are not quick. [Exit.

Mr. D. Let us hasten then, Duck; good men should not be neglected—Where is that fellow Obadiah to attend us?

Mrs. D. [Calls aloud.] Why, Obadiah, I say!—But come, husband; never mind, come along:—we'll take Abel in his place. Hasten, man—hasten, and don't lose time. [Pushes him, and exults in haste.

RUTH peeps in, and ARABELLA after her.

Ruth. Hey! what game's on foot now? the cry is up; they are all off on a full scent!

Arab. But now, Ruth, what is this scheme of your's?

Ruth. Why I mean to tell old Day boldly, that he has impos'd on us; that I know I'm not his daughter; insist upon inspecting our father's wills, taking our affairs into our own hands, and at once act for ourselves, or get our officers to act for us.

Arab. Bravely resolv'd!—But, heav'n's!—What's here? [Seeing keys, &c.

Ruth. As I live, it is Day's bunch of keys, which he always keeps so closely, and here too is his pocket-book. Now, Arabella, if thou hast any courage, now's the time.

Arab. For what?

Ruth. To fly out of Egypt—to free ourselves from roguery and bondage. If I miss it, hang me!

Arab. But whither shall we go?

Ruth. To one that was a friend of my father: he'll

shelter us, fear not. Stay—do you stand sentinel here, while I unlock his iron chest in the next room.

[Goes in at a door in the middle, and unlocks a chest in inside, and takes out bundles of papers.]

Arab. I warrant thee—make haste, and fear not—should any one approach, I'll give notice.

[Noise within as opening the chest.]

Ruth. I have 'em—I have 'em. Here they are—two precious parcels—here's both our names on 'em. Take 'em.

[They are going.]

TEAGUE enters, with OBADIAH on his back.

Oh! heavens!

Tea. Long life to you, madam! you have got your burthen there, and I have got mine here. My master and his friend are at Lieutenant Story's, and they want to speak to both of you.

Arab. and Ruth. Shew us to them.

Tea. Faith an I will. I'll just lay down this great big bundle of iniquity.

Ob. Some small beer, good Mr. Teague?

Tea. The devil a drop you get of me, Mr. Obid!—Do you think I have nothing to do but to be filling your unconscionable bowels, and be d—mn'd to you? So there you are, and a dainty fine present too for your mistress. Be pleas'd to make my compliments to her Kitchenship!—and now, ladies——

Ruth. Stop, stop—We must go the back way, Mr. Teague, for fear of meeting the Days.

Tea. Oh! very well—come along then, ladies; and I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt, Teague first, and then Arab. and Ruth.*]

Ob. [*Sings.*] *La, la, ral, ral.*

When silent, re-enter Mr. and Mrs. DAY and ABEL.

Mr. D. Truly, he made a good end, and departed, as it were, into a sleep.

Mrs. D. Ah! poor man, his wife took on grievously! [*Weeps.*] I don't think she'll marry again this half year.---On! 'twas vastly solemn!

Ob. Small-beer!

Mrs. D. Oh Lord! What's that?

Ob. Small-beer!

Mrs. D. Obadiah! and drunk, as I hope for mercy!

Mr. D. Oh, fie upon't!—fie upon't!—who could have believ'd this? Where have you been, sirrah?

Ob. [*Bawling.*] Small-beer!

Mr. D. Oh! terrible! Shame brought within our walls! I'll lock up my neighbour's will, and then I'll reprove him---How---what---I can't feel my keys---

[*Shakes his pockets.*] No---nor hear 'em jingle. Have you seen my keys, Duck? [*Exceedingly alarm'd.*]

Mrs. D. I see your keys! See a fool's head of your own. Why don't you see if you have left them in the chest?

Mr. D. Well, I will, Duck---I will. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. D. Abel, take up this filthy beast, and carry him to bed.

Abel. Truly he is far gone—[*lifting him*—Obadiah!

Ob. Some small beer! [*Obad. sings*] Where's Mr. Teague?

Re-enter Mr. DAY. Abel lets Obadiah down again.

Mr. D. Oh! undone! undone! We are robb'd! the chest is left open, and all my writings and papers stolen!—Thieves!—Ruth! Ruth!

Mrs. D. [*bawling*] Why, Ruth, I say? Thieves!—thieves!—thieves!

Enter Servant:

Where's Ruth and Arabella?

Serv. I have not seen 'em for some time, madam.

Mr. D. They have robb'd me; they have taken away the writings, of their estates! Oh! undone! undone! [*Exit Serv.*

Mrs. D. This comes in staying for you, you stupid dolt, [*strikes Abel*] and you, too, you provoking varlet—will you wake? [*pulls Obadiah's ear.*] What have you to say for yourself?

Ob. [*aloud*] Small beer!

Mrs. D. Let us find the girls, Duck; they are the thieves, depend on't.

Mrs. D. Yes, and you must leave your keys to tempt 'em; why don't you raise a hue and cry?—send Abel for constables. Why don't you stir? [*Pushes Day off.*]—We'll overtake 'em, I warrant you. [*Exit after Day.*

Abel. Come, good Obadiah, I'll raise you on your feet. [*Lifts him*] Come there, I'll help you.

Ob. Avoid, young Satan—I'm not drunk—I can walk.---Small beer!

Re-enter Mrs. DAY.

Mrs. D. Will you stay all day?—Go for the constables, do? and you, you drunkard! I'll set you forward. [*Pushes Abel, and Abel pushes Obad.*]

Ob. Small beer!

Mrs. D. I'll give you small beer, sot, I will.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Story's House. Enter MANLY, ARABELLA, CARELESS, RUTH, and TEAGUE.

Arab. I find Day has no longer any lawful controul over *me* or *mine*; and for protection against him I confide in you.

Man. Do, and fear not.

Care. And is it possible! *Ruth* not *Day's* daughter, but *Anne*, daughter and heiress to Sir Basil Thoroughgood?

Ruth. 'Tis true indeed, as the papers left in Mr. *Story's* care have clearly explain'd.

Mrs. D. [*Without.*] But we know they are here.

Care. Zounds! the enemy advances.

Ruth. Then let us receive the charge firmly :---give

me my ammunition, girl. [*Takes writings and pocket-book from Arabella.*] Aye, now the Day breaks.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. DAY and ABEL.

Tea. I wish all their necks were broke!

Mrs. D. Ah! ha! my fine runaways; have we found you? In the hands of your fellows too! However, return what you have stolen, and both you, Arabella—and you, ungracious Ruth—

Ruth. No longer Ruth, but Anne, if you please.

Mrs. D. Anne indeed! and who gave you that name?

Ruth. My godfathers and godmothers. Go on, madam, I can answer a leaf or two further.

Tea. Och! Mrs. Mustardpot, have you found a Rowland for your Oliver at last! [*Aside.*

Man. You'll find, madam, they've stolen nothing but their own: they were HONEST THIEVES, I assure you.

Mrs. D. Yes, Sir, they have stolen writings of my husband, which, if they don't immediately restore, shall cost them dearly.

Ruth. There, Mr. Day, are all we took of *your's*— [*Gives book and papers*] having reclaim'd our rights, and put these and ourselves under the protection of these gentlemen.

Care. We are bound in honour, Sir, at the hazard of life and fortune, to support them against all unjust authority whatever.

Mrs. D. Marry, come up!—we shall try that presently.

Mr. D. You are too hasty, Duck.

Mrs. D. What, you are frighten'd again at shadows?

Mr. D. We had better hush the matter up, Duck.

A word in your ear.

[*Apart.*

Ruth. You will find, Mrs. Day, that we have selected but our own papers; and as you know *their* contents as well as *those* I have given Mr. Day, you will of course be silent, for your husband's sake, as well as your own.

Mrs. D. Indeed, Mrs. Prate-a-pace!

Care. Softly, good Gillian Day—keep your dignity, and don't call names.

Tea. Oh! If you don't know manners, I'll be after shewing you to the kitchen!

Mrs. D. I shall choak with vexation!

Mr. D. We had better withdraw, Duck. [*Apart.*

Mrs. D. Duck me no Ducks, but get along—do!—
[*Pushes him off.*] Yes, and you too, Stupid the Second.

[*Pushes Abel off.*] Ah! you are a precious couple!

[*Exit Mrs. Day.*

Tea. Indeed and you are a precious couple, all three of you!

Care. They are rightly serv'd; and now, my charming Anne, since you and your friend have honour'd us with your confidence, we will not ask more till you have proved us worthy. In the mean time, Teague, we thank thee, and will endeavour to reward thy honesty.

Tea. Och! master, say no more about that: sure, if we have luck enough to please our good friends, a smile from their sweet lips is to poor Teague the best reward of all!

THE END.

THE NEW YORKER

THE NEW YORKER
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY J. M. GILMAN
No. 10 N. Y. ST. N. Y.

THE NEW YORKER
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY J. M. GILMAN
No. 10 N. Y. ST. N. Y.

THE NEW YORKER
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY J. M. GILMAN
No. 10 N. Y. ST. N. Y.

THE NEW YORKER
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY J. M. GILMAN
No. 10 N. Y. ST. N. Y.

THE NEW YORKER
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY J. M. GILMAN
No. 10 N. Y. ST. N. Y.

BRITISH THEATRE.

GEORGE CAWTHORN, of the BRITISH LIBRARY, No. 132, *Strand*, begs to inform the Public, that he has completed the above elegant and valuable Work, in 140 Numbers, containing 280 highly finished Characteristic Engravings by the most esteemed Artists. Many of the plays are *scarce*—others can only be had, printed in a very ordinary style, *without any Embellishments*, at the *same price* which is charged for them executed in the *elegant manner* of this Work. Besides possessing a superiority, both in Typography and Enbellishments, over every other Collection of Plays hitherto published, (*Bell's Shakspeare* alone excepted) The BRITISH THEATRE contains a CRITIQUE on the different Plays, and the LIVES of their respective AUTHORS.

Mr. CAWTHORN informs the Subscribers and other Purchasers of this Publication, that they may have their Sets bound in a *plain, neat, or elegant* manner, on the most reasonable terms; a mode of Binding having been adopted, which combines Beauty and Uniformity in a manner not likely to be met with elsewhere.

A general Index and a new Set of Title-pages are printed for the whole Work, which will be properly placed, and bound up with each Volume that is bound at Mr. Cawthorn's.

The Titles of the Plays are as follow:

First Series of the British Theatre.

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 Comus | 3 Lionel and Clarissa |
| 2 Maid of the Mill | 4 Love in a Village |

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 5 Beggar's Opera | 49 Tamerlane |
| 6 Venice Preserv'd | 50 The Way to Keep Him |
| 7 Fair Penitent | 51 Tancred and Sigismunda |
| 8 Zara | 52 All in the Wrong |
| 9 Douglas | 53 The Recruiting Officer |
| 10 Mourning Bride | 54 The Grecian Daughter |
| 11 Rule a Wife | 55 Isabella |
| 12 The Alchymist | 56 The Constant Couple |
| 13 Love for Love | 57 The Gamesters |
| 14 Loves makes a Man | 58 George Barnwell |
| 15 The Busy Body | 59 The West Indian |
| 16 The Orphan | 60 The Hypocrite |
| 17 The Albion Queens | 61 The City Wives Confederacy |
| 18 Cato | 62 The Wonder |
| 19 The Country Girl | 63 The Committee |
| 20 The Chances | 64 The Gamester |
| 21 The Tender Husband | 65 Amphitryon |
| 22 The Beaux Stratagem | 66 The Foundling |
| 23 The Spanish Fryar | 67 The Good Natured Man |
| 24 The Distrest Mother | 68 The Brothers |
| 25 The Earl of Essex | 69 The Minor |
| 26 Jane Shore | 70 The Earl of Warwick |
| 27 Edward the Black Prince | 71 The Natural Son |
| 28 The Conscious Lovers | 72 The Roman Father |
| 29 Every Man in his Humour | 73 The Jealous Wife |
| 30 Philaster | 74 The Refusal |
| 31 The Careless Husband | 75 She Wou'd and She Wou'd not |
| 32 The Provoked Husband | 76 The Double Gallant |
| 33 Boadicea | 77 The Drummer |
| 34 Oroonoko | 78 The Clandestine Marriage |
| 35 A Bold Stroke for a Wife | 79 The School for Wives. |
| 36 Lady Jane Gray | 80 The Fashionable Lover |
| 37 The Suspicious Husband | 81 The School for Lovers |
| 38 The Carmelite | 82 The Countess of Salisbury |
| 39 She Stoops to Conquer | 83 The Cholerick Man |
| 40 Alzira | 84 The Battle of Hastings |
| 41 The Country Lasses | 85 The Revenge |
| 42 The Fair Quaker of Deal | 86 The Discovery |
| 43 Oedipus | 87 Theodosius |
| 44 Medea | 88 The Rival Queens |
| 45 The Miser | 89 King Charles |
| 46 Cleone | 90 Siege of Damascus |
| 47 Ximena | |
| 48 All for Love | |

Second Series of the British Theatre.

- | | |
|---|---------------------------|
| 91 The Provok'd Wife | 116 The Mistake |
| 92 The Funeral | 117 Ambitious Step-mother |
| 93 Marianne | 118 The Twin Rivals |
| 94 The Royal Convert | 119 Bonduca |
| 95 Merope | 120 Chapter of Accidents |
| 96 The Double Dealer | 121 Zenobia |
| 97 The Old Batchelor | 122 The Plain Dealer |
| 98 Henry the Second, or the
Fall of Rosamond | 123 Irene |
| 99 False Delicacy | 124 Gustavus Vasa |
| 100 Barbarossa | 125 The Way of the World |
| 101 Lady's Last Stake | 126 Pericles |
| 102 Cyrus | 127 Busiris |
| 103 Cleonice | 128 Phædra and Hippolitus |
| 104 Man of the World | 129 Fatal Curiosity |
| 105 Mahomet | 130 Sir Harry Wildair |
| 106 Cymon | 131 The Rehearsal |
| 107 The Inconstant | 132 Caractacus |
| 108 The Relapse | 133 Elfrida |
| 109 Eurydice | 134 Lucius Junius Brutus |
| 110 Falstaff's Wedding | 135 Samson Agonistes |
| 111 A Word to the Wise | 136 School for Guardians |
| 112 School for Rakes | 137 The Orphan of China |
| 113 Edward and Eleonora | 138 Creusa |
| 114 Timanthes | 139 Brothers |
| 115 The Gentle Shepherd | 140 Albina |

Mr. CAWTHORN will next proceed to publish Twenty Numbers of FARCES, each Number to contain two or more ; among which will be included all the best of Mr. FOOTE's Dramatic Performances.

It is earnestly requested that those Ladies and Gentlemen, who intend to patronize this undertaking, will send their Names to the British Library as soon as possible, as Subscribers will be served with the Embellishments in the order their Names are set down in the Subscription.

Mr. CAWTHORN begs to announce to his present Subscribers, and the Public at large, that it is his intention, after the Twenty Numbers of FARCES are completed, to publish a THIRD SERIES of the BRITISH THEATRE, as a Supplement to the two Series just finished, in which will be included many scarce and valuable Plays, particularly those of MASSINGER, MURPHY, JEPHSON, &c.

The following Esteemed and Valuable Publications, among many others, may also be had of G. Cawthorn :

SHAKSPERE, with the Prefaces of the different Editors, and Annotations of all the Commentators, embellished with 113 elegant Engravings, in Twenty Volumes, which, for some time past, has been very scarce, and difficult to be procured, is now complete, and may be had in regular Sets, or odd Numbers, to complete Sets.

BRITISH POETS, One Hundred and Nine Volumes, with Martin and Bain's Continuation, making together One Hundred and Twenty-Nine Volumes.---Several new Plates have been executed for this Work by the most esteemed Artists.

FUGITIVE POETS, Seventeen Volumes---to be continued.---Volumes XVIII. and XIX. are in great forwardness.

PANTHEON, or Historical Dictionary of the Gods, Demigods, Heroes, and Fabulous Personages of Antiquity ; with the addition of a new superb Frontispiece, representing a Roman Sacrifice before the Pantheon, designed by Burney and engraved by Leney ; besides One Hundred elegant Characteristic Engravings.

SPECTATOR, with Illustrative Notes and Lives of the Authors, by Dr. Bisset, elegantly printed in 8 vols. 8vo. on Wove Paper. *The only elegant Edition.*

ABROAD and at **HOME**, a Comic Opera, in Three Acts. By J. G. Holman. 8vo. 2s.

MITHRIDATES, a Tragedy, by Nathaniel Lee. A New Edition, with the Life of the Author, a Critique on the Play, and the Text freed from the Errors of former Editions. 8vo 2s.

The **MAN** of the **WORLD**, a Comedy, by Mr. Charles Macklin. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d.

L VE-A-LA-MODE, a Farce, by do. 8vo. Price 1s.

The **RIVAL SISTERS**, a Tragedy, by Arthur Murphy, Esq. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d.

The **COMEDY** of **ERRORS**, altered by Mr. Thomas Hull, of Covent-Garden-Theatre. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d.

The **COLLEGE**: a Satire. Canto First and Second. 8vo. 3s.

MORAL TALES in **VERSE**, founded on real Events, and dedicated, by Permission, to his Grace the Duke of Leeds. By **THOMAS HULL** of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. Embellished with a striking Likeness of the Author. 2 Vols. Price 7s.

A WORD of **GENTLE ADMONITION** to Mr. **GILBERT WAKEFIELD**: occasioned by his **LETTER** to **W. WILBERFORCE**, Esq. "on the Subject of his late Publication." By J. Watkins, LL. D. 1s.

VANCENZA, a Novel, by Mrs. Robinson. This Edition, being the Sixth, has been revised by the Authoress, and received considerable Additions: beautifully printed on Vellum Paper, in 2 vols. Price 7s. 6d. Boards.

The **SHRINE** of **BERTHA**, a Novel, by Miss Robinson: the Second Edition, with considerable Additions, in 2 Vols. Price 7s. 6d. Boards.

ACADEMICAL CONTRIBUTIONS of **ORIGINAL** and **TRANSLATED POETRY**, by some Junior Members of the University of Cambridge. Price 2s. 6d. A few Copies, printed on Vellum Paper and hot-pressed, are sold at 3s. 6d. each.

ADELA NORTHINGTON, a Novel, by Mrs. Burke, in 3 Vols. Price 10s. 6d.

Annual Register.

Andrews's History of Great Britain.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, 12 vols.

Belsham's Memoirs of George III. 4 vols.

Buffon's Natural History, 9 vols.

British Album (Bell's edit.) 2 vols.

Cooke's and Hawkesworth's Voyages, 6 vols.

Campbell's Lives of the Admirals, 4 vols.

Carter's Journey to Gibraltar, 3 vols.

Camilla, 5 vols.

Encyclopædia Britannica, 34 parts.

Elegant Extracts, 5 vols.

English Poets, 75 vols.

Fielding's Works, 12 vols.

Gentleman's Magazine, complete.

Godwin's Political Justice, 2 vols.

----- Caleb Williams, 3 vols.

Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall
of the Roman Empire, 12 vols.

Gay's Fables, (Stockdale's edit.) fine wove
paper, 2 vols.

Elegant Bibles and Common Prayers, School Books,
and Books of every description, as soon as published,
bound, or in boards.

BRITISH LIBRARY.

THIS very extensive and valuable Library continues
to be daily enriched with every new Publication of
merit; and will be found one of the most extensive
Collections in London.

G. CAWTHORN, grateful for the many favours con-
ferred on him by the numerous Subscribers and Pa-
trons, will spare neither Pains nor Expence to accom-
modate and gratify every Encourager of this Establish-
ment.—Terms of Subscription, Plans, and Catalogues,
to be had at the Library, No. 132, Strand.

ks,
ed,

ues
of
sive

con-
Pa-
om-
lish-
ues,